

DECEMBER 17, 1979

\$1.25

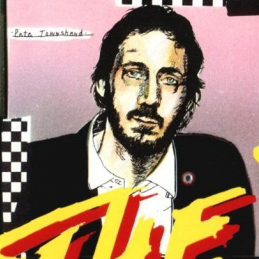
New Pressure
On Iran



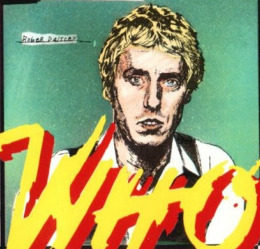
TIME

Rock's Outer Limits

Pete Townshend



Roger Daltrey



THE WHO

Keith Moon



John Entwistle



Rich Lights

from Viceroy

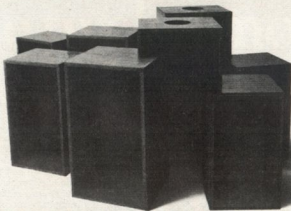


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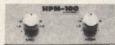
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A Letter from the Publisher

Switching frequencies from opera's Luciano Pavarotti (Sept. 24) to rock 'n' roll's The Who—subject of this week's cover story—is not too much to ask of a music editor. But add responsibility for editing major stories on the movies' *Kramer vs. Kramer* (Dec. 3), television's *Mork* (March 12), ballet's Gelsey Kirkland (May 1, 1978), and the job calls for Martha Duffy. As senior editor of TIME's Cinema, Music, Dance, Show Business, Television and Theater sections for the past five years, she is in effect the magazine's performing arts expert.

Duffy, who was a TIME book reviewer for five years before taking on the cultural portfolio, grew up with a smattering of dance and piano lessons and a passion for the opera. "The Saturday-afternoon broadcast of the Met was the most important event of the week," she recalls. Today Duffy keeps a stereo and stack of classical records in her office. "I also listen to country-and-western," she says, "since editing a Merle Haggard cover five years ago."

Occasionally, and with great delight, Duffy ventures out to cover a music or dance story herself. Last March she accompanied Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony on their historic tour of China. "It was fascinating to see musicians there attempt to recover after the Gang of Four's efforts to dismantle

Chinese culture," she says. "Instruments are few, scores even fewer, but there is no dearth of enthusiasm. In Shanghai, we watched a rehearsal of *Swan Lake* in a room so cold we could see our breath. The dancers, however, took no notice of the chill. They were simply pleased to be performing."

The coverage and concertgoing for this week's story were essentially the work of Reporter-Researcher Janice Castro and Contributor Jay Cocks. Castro, who had completed lengthy interviews with the four group members in November, rejoined them in Buffalo last week, shortly after eleven fans were trampled to death at a Who concert in Cincinnati. Cocks interviewed Lyricist and Guitarist Peter Townshend and wrote the story, which assesses the group's 15 turbulent years of tragedy, transformation and continuing success. "I've been a Who fan forever," he says. "Unlike many rock musicians, they are capable of discussing their music, its evolution and its objects with extraordinary candor and intelligence." That intelligence, as reflected in The Who's music and Cocks' story, has also made a fan of TIME's culture editor, though the conversion came relatively late. Concedes Duffy: "Back when The Who was being launched, I was in line at the Metropolitan, trying to get tickets for Birgit Nilsson."



Senior Editor Martha Duffy

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Gary Panter; Lettering by Gerard Huerta.



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Cover: The Who rock band has a 15-year history of musical triumph and personal tragedy—including, last week, the deaths of eleven of their fans at a concert. But there were still songs to sing and lessons to learn. See MUSIC.



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The twelve months of Christmas.



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Letters

Man of the Year?

To the Editors:

The Ayatullah Khomeini, with his campaign of terror and death, may have captured Iran; however, John Paul II, with his mission of peace and compassion, has captured the world.

George S. Wilson
Fort Wayne, Ind.

For TIME's Man of the Year, I suggest a dual cover featuring Pope John Paul II and Ayatullah Khomeini. They have dramatically represented the forces for good and evil in the world.

Richard Virden
Washington, D.C.

What will you do? What will you do? As things stand now, how can you avoid naming the Ayatullah Khomeini Man of the Year?

Jonathan Greenwald
Westport, Conn.



You're not going to like this, but Pol Pot should be Man of the Year. There are many indications that it has been that kind of year. I won't itemize; it would only depress us all.

William H. Davis
Seattle

Why not choose a Woman of the Year instead? Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is my proposal.

Ilmar Lill
Malmö, Sweden

I nominate Jane Fonda for Woman of the Year. Her cinematic tours de force *Coming Home* and *The China Syndrome* have firmly established her as America's premier social critic, political activist and actress.

Jon Nagy
Eastsound, Wash.

For People of the Year, I would like to see nominated the Vietnamese boat people, the untouchables of the South Chi-



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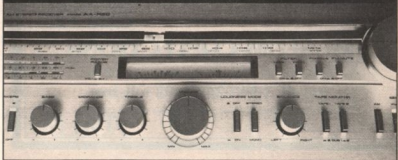
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Letters

na Sea—ignored by the ships, shoved away by the local authorities, forgotten by the world.

*Nguyen-Thanh-Phuoc
Houston*

Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker. He took away not only the punch bowl but also the hors d'oeuvres.

*Jim Sheehan
Pierson, Iowa*

Iran's Terrorism and Blackmail

I have criticized many U.S. policies throughout the world, including Puerto Rico, but I'm against terrorism. Morally, I'm backing the U.S. 100% against the terrorist assault on the embassy's personnel in Iran and the blackmail of the U.S. [Nov. 26]. Nationalism is a good principle if expressed in a positive way.

*José L. Concepción
Fajardo, P.R.*

My sympathy goes to the hostages and to the Iranians who will suffer from prejudice here. But the Iranians I pity the most are the ones who will realize too late that there is nothing they can do to get that tyrant Khomeini out of power.

*Betina Pavri
Rockwood, Pa.*

This is not like Viet Nam. Just let one American shed one drop of blood and I will be the first one to invade Iran with rifle in hand!

*Michael Murphy
Stratford, N.J.*

The political booby prize of 1979 should be shared by President Carter and Secretary Vance for giving a visa to the Shah of Iran, in spite of being warned by both the Iranians and some experts in the State Department that such action would greatly upset the present rulers of Iran. The U.S. cannot afford to have a President with such poor judgment.

*Lars C. Bratt
Palo Alto, Calif.*

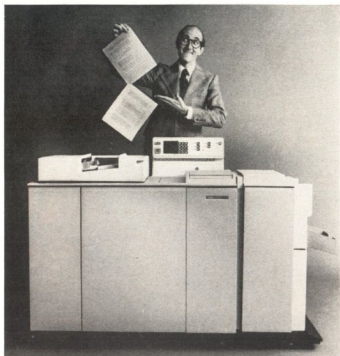
Enough already about the so-called excesses of the Shah. Whatever he did pales in comparison with the barbarisms of Khomeini.

*Daniel M. Kohler
Alexandria, Va.*

Despite attempts by other countries to rile our citizenry, Americans must make every effort to remain the beacon of liberty and justice in this repression-darkened world. Let us not sink to Iran's level by persecuting all Iranians in the U.S.

*Thomas P. Dolan
Oneida, N.Y.*

The lives of the hostages are important and they should be rescued if possible. But their sacrifice may be, as it often has been, the price of empire. The pri-



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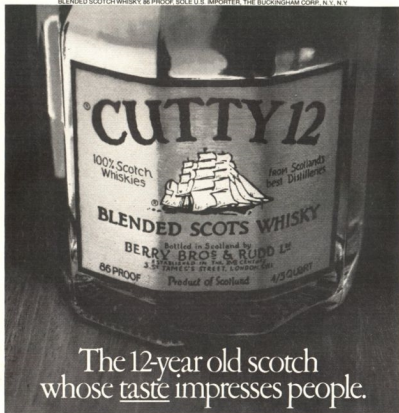
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Letters

mary consideration is to visit upon Iran such a condign punishment that neither that country nor the rest of the world will forget the lesson in ten generations.

Peter H. Peel
Rosedale, Calif.

The one good thing about the Iranian crisis is this: when Khomeini gets kicked out, the U.S. won't be blamed for putting him in power.

Rob Bates
East Brunswick, N.J.

The way the Islamic world is accusing the U.S. of all the crimes and misdeeds of the world, it will not be long before it starts blaming the Americans for placing Khomeini in power in order to disintegrate Islam.

Sudhangshu B. Karmakar
Flushing, N.Y.

Good old Uncle Sam! It's a relief to see this gentle giant flexing his muscles once in a while. By telling Iran to take its oil and shove it, Carter gained the respect and admiration of many Europeans, both for himself and his country.

George Symm
Cramlington, England

I am impressed with all the demonstrators in Iran. Doesn't anybody work there or go to school?

Irene A. Bovie
Barrington, R.I.

Economizing on Heartbeats

If ex-Astronaut Neil Armstrong really believed in his "theory" that each person has a finite number of heartbeats [Nov. 26], he would be out there exercising with the rest of us.

Since I took up jogging three years ago, my resting heart rate has fallen from 72 beats per minute to an average of 55. Even taking into account the rates while running and during recovery time, I calculate that my heart now beats an average of 150,960 fewer times per week as a result of my running.

R. Griffith McDonald
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Passion for Don Giovanni

It seems that Reviewer Christopher Porterfield went to the film *Don Giovanni* [Nov. 26] with a preconceived notion of how it should be played—with an emphasis on the lighter side. This is, of course, a perfectly valid interpretation. However, Joseph Losey chose to look at the dark side of *Don Giovanni*. You must remember that this work, with its terribly ambiguous juxtaposition of good and evil, is open to as many interpretations as there are productions.

When I read that Ruggero Raimondi's *Don Giovanni* was passionless, I, as one of many whose bones turned to wa-

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Letters

ter watching his performance, knew the reviewer had to be a man.

*Christiane Young
Paris*

Would Shakespeare have approved of Olivier's *Hamlet*? Would Mozart have liked Joseph Losey's film version of *Don Giovanni*? Who knows? Who cares?

Our thoughts and feelings are no longer those of the late 18th century or even the mid-20th. Like or dislike aside, Mozart's genius would have respected Losey for casting a new light, for revealing possibilities not seen before and for giving fresh, internally consistent insights. It is the Loseys of this world who affirm the greatness of great works and assure their survival through the centuries.

*Robert and Anne Scholten
State College, Pa.*

Chippewa Fishing

If the state of Michigan objects to the Indians' use of gill nets, as you say in "The Chippewas Want Their Rights" [Nov. 26], rather than trap nets, which do not harm the fish, let it buy each fishing Indian a trap net. The state could afford the trap nets much better than the loss of its game fish.

*Arlyn Miller
Partridge, Kans.*

Tecumseh's Prediction

Re the prediction of future activity along "Middle America's Fault" [Nov. 19]: seismologists might take a lesson from the great Shawnee chief Tecumseh. He not only predicted the first New Madrid, Mo., earthquake (Dec. 11, 1812) several months in advance of the actual quake, but also used this prophecy as a sign to confederate the Indians against the Americans in the War of 1812.

*Richard M. Helwig
Defiance, Ohio*

A Low Blow at Pierce?

I must protest Hugh Sidey's shabby treatment of the unfortunate Franklin Pierce [Nov. 19]. His presidency was admittedly undistinguished, but the attack on his Inaugural ceremonies was a low blow. Two months before his Inauguration, President-elect Pierce and his wife were in a train wreck in which their eleven-year-old son, their only surviving child, was killed before their eyes.

These circumstances, omitted from Mr. Sidey's column, put into perspective the \$322 Inaugural ceremony that his wife did not attend and the cancellation of the Inaugural Ball.

*Lynette R. Overbey
Cincinnati*

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CHERYL: Once I get going, I can talk about the Olympus OM-10 all day.

INTERVIEWER: So you're a real photography whiz.

CHERYL: Absolutely, positively not. Sure I'm poised in front of the camera. But until the OM-10 came along, I would fall apart behind it. Now I get great shots, automatically.

INTERVIEWER: What do you like best about the Olympus OM-10?

CHERYL: It's uncomplicated. Easy to use. But it's not a toy; it's put together solidly and doesn't compromise itself.

INTERVIEWER: How easy is the OM-10?

CHERYL: It's fully automatic. I just look through the viewfinder and the little red dot tells me everything I need to know. And if I'm shooting with a flash, my OM-10 actually *blinks* after the shot—to tell me if the exposure was okay.

INTERVIEWER: What else?

CHERYL: The OM-10 is part of a complete system. You can add almost anything. Personally, I'm a pushover for the winder that shoots off three frames-per-second. By the way, would you like to see some of my photographs now?

INTERVIEWER: I thought you'd never ask.

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Photograph by David Dahl.

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LÖJ ROM

This fresh salmon roe has an almost "crunchy" texture and is unavailable in this country. So those who want the experience of the tiny grains bursting in their mouths must pay the air fare from Scandinavia. Well worth the trip.

American Scene

In Illinois: Cigars and Bottled History

Bloomington, Ill., creates a bend in U.S. 66, midway on the long, straight run across the dark prairie from St. Louis to Chicago. A traveler notices the sign—POPULATION 41,500—and wonders why the place resonates slightly in the mind. Is this the Bloomington of the movie *Breaking Away*? No, that Bloomington is in Indiana. Ah! Memory serves. This Bloomington is the place where Adlai Stevenson II grew up a renegade (i.e., a Democrat) and now lies buried with his ancestors, men of substance in the town since the very beginning; men who had urged a Republican circuit lawyer named Abraham Lincoln to run for President.

The traveler, a Middle Westerner turned self-made Eastern snob, assumes nothing else interesting has ever happened in Bloomington. The traveler is wrong. Bloomington, Ill., is the county seat of McLean County. If you are talking corn and soybeans, McLean County is the capital of the world. If you are talking heartland, you are standing on it: topsoil two, three, five feet deep, divided on the plot map into square-mile sections still owned by descendants of Ger-

man and Scotch-Irish immigrants who cleared and settled their way across Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Indiana, out onto the prairie. If you are talking history in McLean County, you are talking about a place that has achieved its destiny, and now has time for a backward look. The traveler discovers the pathos of the conquest of the prairie sod, and romance in the development of hybrid corn by the Funk Brothers Seed Co.

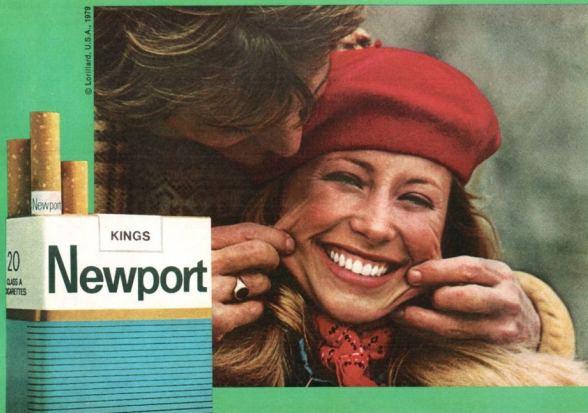
Such stories are regional legacies, essential to understanding of time and place. All over the U.S. they now are being reclaimed from attics, dusty files and the memories of the oldtimers by the phenomenal burgeoning of local historical societies.

Over the past 20 years or so, for example, the McLean County Historical Society has been keeping an eye on an object in its care known as the McNulta time capsule. The McNulta in question, a Bloomington man, was a Civil War general in the 94th Illinois Volunteers. The time capsule was an etched glass bottle, seven inches high and sealed with a broken stopper, containing several mysterious thin packages wrapped in cloth. A

notification tucked into its base read: "Souvenirs of the meeting of the Society of the Army of Tennessee. Held at Chicago November 1879. To be kept unopened for 100 years."

McNulta went upstate to Chicago in 1895, and died in 1900 at the age of 62. In 1858 he had started moving west from New York City, working as a horse dealer and "race rider." He sold tobacco in Bloomington, enlisted in the Army in 1861 and made brigadier general in four years. But in 1874 he was defeated for reelection to the U.S. Congress by Adlai Stevenson (Adlai Stevenson the first, people stress in McLean County, meaning the one who went on to become Vice President under Grover Cleveland from 1893 to 1897). McNulta read law, as was the go-getter's custom, and almost certainly profited by his duties as appointed receiver for an extraordinary number of bankrupt railroads. He was a man of his time and place, and he thought in terms of securing the future.

The day that the McLean Historical Society chose to declare McNulta's hundred years officially up was a sunny Sun-



day in November. The ceremony, observed at Bloomington's Miller Park Pavilion, proved a great occasion. Civil War songs were played and sung. Uniforms were displayed. Mrs. Emma Hoffman, 96, was there. Her father George Ulmer served in McNulta's regiment, and she remembers going to reunions and hearing her father sing *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* when he worked alone in the fields. Mrs. Kathryn McNulta, 94, the general's daughter-in-law, flew in from Charleston, S.C. Her grandsons, Paul and Herbert Beich, arrived from Denver and joined their Bloomington brother Otto Beich II. "Everybody is wild with anxiety to know what it is all about," said Mrs. McNulta.

At last, the bottle was unsealed. Barbara Dunbar, director of the historical society, and Archivist Greg Koos used forceps to draw out the little mummies, wrapped in white linen and tied round and round with thread. General McNulta's sense of history turned out to be touchingly immediate. He had left, so elaborately wrapped and labeled:

Two pictures of himself and one of his wife Laura. The menu and program for a lavish dinner the Tennessee Army veterans held at the Palmer House and the entire seating plan. An 1868 reunion ribbon, some handwritten notes, two pieces of wartime paper money. One memento to his future heirs was sealed with red wax and carefully labeled: "Ci-



Kathryn McNulta, 94, holding the time capsule sealed by her father-in-law in 1879

gar given to John McNulta by General U.S. Grant, November 14, 1879, must not be opened for 100 years and then smoked by some one of the descendants or by some soldier who has rendered good service to his country." As a final souvenir, McNulta had tucked inside his bottle a set of newspaper clippings which breathlessly detailed the "Grant boom," complete with Grant buttons and cheap

portraits, that struck Chicago during the popular former President's visit. The clippings described how the ladies wore their new diamonds and court trains to "brilliant" receptions, and imaginative pickpockets plagued the crowds that swarmed to town to see the electric illuminations. Evidently McNulta agreed with the newspaper that said: "As the hours passed on, it became more and more evident

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Newport
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Ho! Ho! Ho! Spirited Greetings




**BACARDI
and Tonic**
Sparkling idea.
Splash a jigger
of Bacardi light
rum over ice
in a tall glass.
Top with tonic
and lime or
lemon slice. Stir.



**BACARDI
Driver**
Mmmerry!
Splash a
jigger of
Bacardi light
over ice in
a tall glass.
Top with OJ.
Squeeze in a
lime or lemon
wedge. Stir.



BACARDI Martini
Ring out the old! Stir 5 or 6
parts Bacardi light rum with
one part dry vermouth and
ice. Strain and serve straight
up or on the rocks with a
twist or an olive.



BACARDI Daiquiri
Classic greeting.
Shake or blend
juice of half a
lime or lemon
and ½ tsp. sugar
(or use prepared
mix), with 1½ oz.
Bacardi light
and crushed
ice. Strain and
serve in a cock-
tail glass or on
the rocks.





with Bacardi rum.

BACARDI Piña Colada

Cheery! Shake or blend 1 oz. cream of coconut and 2 oz. pineapple juice (or use prepared mix), with 1½ oz. Bacardi dark and crushed ice. Serve tall with ice and pineapple.

BACARDI and Coke

Tis a reason to be jolly. Splash a jigger of Bacardi dark over ice in a tall glass. Pour on the Coca-Cola. Stir.



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For one and for all. For every quart of eggnog, stir in 12 oz. Bacardi dark rum. Fold in 1 cup whipped heavy cream. Chill. Stir. Top with nutmeg.



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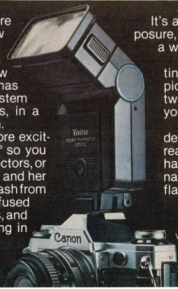
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American Scene

that this was really to be Chicago's greatest day."

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The history of McLean County during this century is mostly a story of dreams richly come true. The seed the Funk brothers developed yields 150 to 160 bushels of corn an acre. The Funk Prairie Home, once center of a 25,000-acre farm, is now a museum, and the seed company is a division of Ciba-Geigy. Land that McNulta bought for \$150 an acre now hovers around \$4,000 an acre, too much for anyone ever to start out farming there now, but not a bad price for today's farmer/investor to use as a tax write-off. The Osage orange hedges, planted a hundred years ago against the chilling wind, are being torn out, because machinery these days needs more room just to turn around. The wind sweeps down, carrying off the topsoil, buffeting the farmer who can, thanks to progress, plant 300 acres in two days all alone with \$100,000 worth of machinery.

Mrs. Hoffman's nephew Ulmer Beetzel, now 61, and his wife Doris, 57, have lived for 26 years on the farm his grandfather worked after the Civil War. "It's an industry now, not a life," says Doris. "It's the life of Riley," says Ulmer, correcting her. No livestock, no need for extra help, the ticker tape running constantly at the Anchor co-operative grain elevator, bringing prices from the commodity exchange up in Chicago. But only one of the Beetzel's four children is a farmer.

The three Beich brothers obliged their great-grandfather McNulta, and smoked General Grant's gift cigar. They found it mild and surprisingly fresh, but they didn't smoke it too far down. General Grant was known for his habit of giving out exploding cigars.

— Jane O'Reilly

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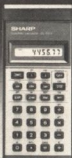
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TIME, December 17, 1979

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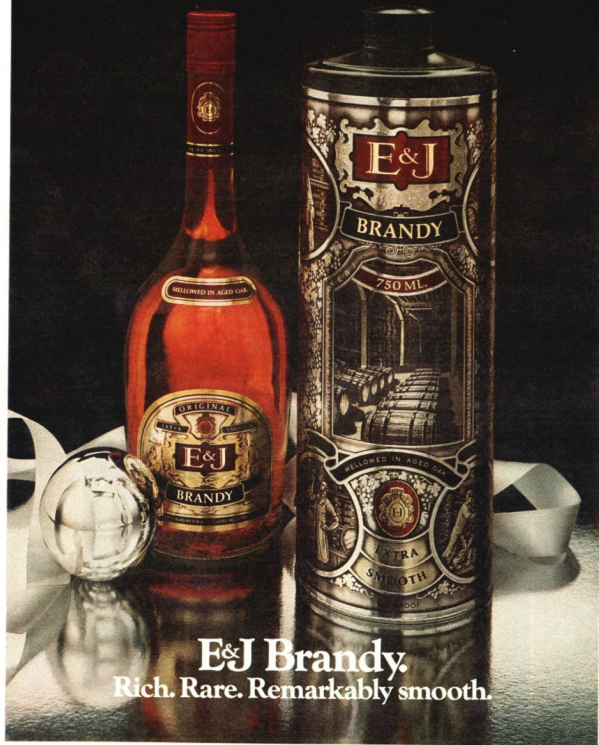
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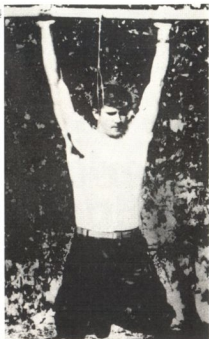
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To demonstrate that the hostages are in good health, Iranian militants released these photos of Americans exercising at the embassy

Nation

TIME/DEC. 17, 1979

The Hostages in Danger

Carter increases pressure against threat of spy trials

For five long weeks they have been held under threat of death in the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Their arms have been bound, and they have been forbidden to speak to one another. Their captors have subjected them to intense questioning, and even threatened some of them at gunpoint. All the while, crowds of fanatical followers of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini have demonstrated outside the embassy walls.

Last week a climax to the hostages' ordeal, by either their trial or release, seemed closer. Iran's Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh told Western reporters that "as soon as possible" the government would announce the hostages' fate. Many will be released, he said, but an undisclosed number will be tried as spies. The trials will be conducted by the same revolutionary tribunals that have sentenced some 630 Iranians to execution. Said Ghotbzadeh: "Those who can be proved not

to have consciously engaged in espionage will be freed." Asked if any of the hostages convicted would be sentenced to death, Ghotbzadeh replied: "I hope we don't reach that point. But on the face of the earth, anything is possible."

Whether Ghotbzadeh, and presumably the Ayatollah Khomeini, can pull the militant students holding the hostages

into line with this pronouncement was not known for certain. Just who is in control of the situation in Tehran has never been clear. For the moment, the students defied the Foreign Minister, vowing in a statement: "We will release nobody, nobody at all." But to calm fears in Washington that the Americans were being mistreated, the students did release pho-

tos of healthy hostages exercising on the embassy grounds.

In any event, Washington took Ghotbzadeh's announcement of the trials with the utmost seriousness. "Outrageous," declared State Department Spokesman Walter Ramsay. "They had no business taking them hostage and they have no business putting them on trial." At the White House, Press Secretary Jody Powell repeated President Carter's warning that the U.S. might resort to "other remedies"—meaning military action—if the captives were harmed.

The threat of imminent tri-

The purported cable that supposedly named two CIA operatives



als capped a week in which the Carter Administration waged a fierce campaign to focus the world's attention on the hostages, hoping that this might help to ensure their safety. Explained a top Administration official: "We are trying to say, 'Look, world, nobody has seen the hostages. We don't know what is happening to them.'" Vice President Walter Mondale complained that "even prisoners of war are guaranteed certain standards of human treatment, but these standards are being dragged in the dirt." Rosalynn Carter voiced the same refrain in campaign appearances for her husband in Washington, New York City and Jackson, Miss., calling the captives "hostages of a mob and a government that have become one and the same." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance demanded that Iran permit neutral doctors to examine the hostages. Ghotbzadeh did relent a bit on this point, saying that the government had decided to allow some foreign journalists to visit the Americans.

Meanwhile, Carter opened a new and even more aggressive diplomatic offensive to end the stalemate, and for a time there were signs that events might finally be shifting in favor of the U.S. in at least two ways:

► In the United Nations, representatives of Communist and Third World countries, as well as traditional U.S. allies in Europe, denounced Iran for holding the hostages and demanded their "release immediately." The unanimous 15-0 vote in the U.N. Security Council was a rare show of support for the U.S. The Khomeini government's initial response was unexpectedly positive. After discussing the resolution with the Ayatullah, Ghotbzadeh complained that it did not deal with Iran's demand for the return of the exiled Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi but nonetheless represented "a step forward." U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim thereupon began private ne-



Carter in the East Room, formally declaring his candidacy for re-election

"The overriding fact is that 50 Americans have been thrust into agony and danger."

gotiations to carry out the U.N. request.

► In Iran's northwestern city of Tabriz (pop. 1 million), tens of thousands of Azerbaijani Turks, the country's largest ethnic minority, revolted against Khomeini's rule shortly after a referendum had made him a virtual dictator for life. The rebels are followers of Ayatullah Kazem Shar'ietmadari, who is both Khomeini's leading religious rival and Iran's foremost Muslim moderate. They demanded autonomy for Azerbaijan.

This upheaval contributed to a sense in Washington that time might after all be on the Administration's side, that Iran

was sinking gradually into chaos and that Khomeini might be more willing to listen to the President's basic message: Let's make a deal. The Administration, however, carefully avoided raising public expectations that a settlement was in sight. Said a high State Department aide: "I am more optimistic this week than last, but only by 5%."

One reason for the caution was that U.S. installations and personnel remain vulnerable to mob attack, as was demonstrated so visibly once again last week in Libya. Spurred on by pro-Khomeini slogans from sound trucks, 2,000 demon-

Ayatullah Khomeini in solemn conversation with Ayatullah Shar'ietmadari at his house in the holy city of Qum in Iran



Nation



Islamic Revolutionary Guards in front of the U.S. embassy in Tehran

strators stormed the U.S. embassy in Tripoli. While all 15 Americans escaped through a side exit, the crowd set fires that heavily damaged the embassy's first floor. The U.S. has rejected Libya's apology as inadequate, and suspended embassy operations—a step just short of breaking diplomatic relations. The State Department complained that the Libyan government had ignored repeated American requests for extra guards (only one was assigned to the embassy).

Still, the events at the U.N. and in Iran seemed to offer the U.S. an opening, and Carter tried to take advantage of it. Soon after the U.N. vote on Tuesday, he met at the White House with his national security advisers to outline ways of increasing the diplomatic pressure on Tehran.

Just what he has in mind remained a tightly kept secret, but the strategy could include such moves as a formal economic embargo on various shipments to and from Iran. Such a step, applied by the U.S. and its allies or possibly by the U.N., would demonstrate to Iran that it is regarded as an outcast by most of the world. Some of the measures could be escalated as the situation demanded.

Does the U.S. really have support from its European allies for strong economic action against Iran? Europe depends far more on Iranian oil than the U.S. does. Under Secretary of State Richard Cooper and Under Secretary of the Treasury Anthony Solomon led a delegation of six high State and Treasury Department officials on a whirlwind tour last week of London, Paris, Bonn, Bern and Rome. The Europeans disclosed few details of the talks but indicated that the U.S. was soliciting their support for coordinated economic retaliation against Tehran. Said a high West German official: "Washington is seeking our cooperation, and we cannot let the cat out of

the bag." He added that Bonn was "generally receptive" to the U.S. proposals.

This week Vance was to travel much the same route to plead with heads of government for support of U.S. efforts to free the hostages. He will wind up his trip at a previously scheduled NATO meeting in Brussels, where the Iran crisis will receive another airing. Said a U.S. official: "The Europeans have told us not to do anything rash. We are now going to ask them to help us not do anything rash"—meaning military action, which Carter is still ruling out for the time being.

Many U.S. officials thought the U.S. should put much more pressure on the Soviet Union to stop playing a duplicitous role in the Iran crisis. Moscow supported the U.N. Security Council resolution calling for the hostages' release. But then the Communist Party newspaper *Pravda*, which reflects Kremlin policy, denounced

the U.S. for intensifying the crisis. U.S. officials regarded the attack as part of a Soviet effort to take advantage of the situation and extend Soviet influence to the Arabian Sea (see *WORLD*). But the Administration's main concern was that the Soviet policy would give the Iranian radicals a false sense that the international community was not united behind the U.S. on the hostages issue.

In the midst of this gravest international crisis of his presidency, Jimmy Carter went through with his long scheduled formal announcement of his candidacy for re-election. It would normally have been a gala occasion—there were a dozen fund-raising dinners, including ones in Atlanta, Austin, Chicago, New York and Washington. The President canceled his plans to appear at five of them, and sent Vice President Walter Mondale, Rosalynn Carter and Administration officials to represent him.

His announcement itself was a muted, nine-minute affair, staged before relatives, Cabinet members and staff workers in the White House East Room. "I have made some mistakes and I have learned from them," he said. "I carry some scars and I carry them with pride." Then he returned to the issue that preoccupied the nation: "The overriding fact is that 50 of our fellow Americans have been unjustifiably thrust into agony and danger."

The Iran crisis has brought Carter's involvement in the campaign to a total halt. Except for weekends at Camp David, he has not been outside the Washington area since Nov. 4, and only half a dozen times has he even emerged from the White House. But although he has canceled five political trips and done no personal fund raising at all during the crisis, it has proved an enormous help to his re-election chances. Not only have Amer-



The U.N. Security Council voting to call for the hostages' release

A rare show of support for the U.S. and a positive response in Iran.



Ghotbzadeh discussing the crisis in Tehran

icans instinctively rallied behind the President at a time of national emergency, but almost all of them credit him with skillful handling of the crisis. After months of floundering and indecision, Carter has appeared both prudent and dynamic—in short, a leader. Polls that showed him trailing Senator Edward M. Kennedy by 2 to 1 just two months ago have changed dramatically. The ABC News-Harris poll last week showed him within four points of Kennedy among Democrats, and when independents were included, the poll actually showed him ahead.

Kennedy himself helped that process substantially last week by blurring out to a TV interviewer the charge that the exiled Shah was one of the most violent dictators in history. Not only was the accusation absurdly exaggerated in itself, but it was quite predictably hailed in Tehran as evidence of a split in American determination not to surrender the Shah for the hostages. For that poor judgment, Kennedy was roundly rebuked by the Administration, numerous political leaders and the press.

Again and again during the week, Carter declared angrily that the issue for the U.S. was not the Shah but release of the hostages. Said the President during a meeting with several hundred State Department employees: "I am not interested in whether the Shah was a good or bad leader. I am not interested in debates over the history of Iran. I do not want to confuse the issue by bringing such debates into this situation. It only delays the day when we will see the American hostages come home."

While trying to free the hostages, the Administration continued canvassing the world in search of a haven for the Shah. So far, South Africa, the Bahamas and Panama have been ruled out. Fruitless pleas have reportedly been made to Austria, Switzerland and Argentina. Cairo is publicly willing to admit him, but both the U.S. and the Shah fear that his presence in Egypt might cause too many problems for his old friend Anwar Sadat. Said

a White House adviser about the Shah: "We've got to send him some place where he is not going to topple the government." If all else fails, the Administration may have to let the Shah stay in the U.S.*

While the U.S. tried to find a refuge for him, the convalescent Shah remained in seclusion at Lackland Air Force Base, ten miles west of San Antonio. The base was closed to reporters, and its gates were patrolled by military police. The Shah spent his time reading, playing chess and talking over the phone with his children and friends. From time to time, he emerged from his two-bedroom suite into the balmy 70° weather to watch his wife play tennis. He went strolling over the base's golf course with a favorite dog, a great Dane that he had kept at the family's New York apartment while he was undergoing medical treatment.

Armed guards accompany the Shah wherever he goes. Last week in Paris, his nephew Shahriar Mustapha Chafik, 34,

*U.S. officials were still complaining last week that they had been doublecrossed by the Mexican government, which on Nov. 28 assured Washington that it would make the Shah welcome and then on the following day changed its mind. The Mexicans apparently feared that admitting the Shah would be regarded as a sign of weakness by the Third World.



The Shah's temporary haven in Texas; above: talking with ABC's Barbara Walters

"We've got to send him some place where he is not going to topple the government."

was shot to death by an assassin on orders of the Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkhali, head of Iran's Islamic revolutionary tribunal. Vowed he: "This will continue until all these dirty pawns of the decadent system have been purged."

In Tehran the Shah's bearded successor was trying to solidify his power with an ironfisted election strategy. First, he delayed distributing the final version of his 175-article Islamic constitution until 14 days before the referendum, which limited the opportunity for Iranians to debate its merits. At several polling places in Tehran, reporters for the state-owned TV station found that nine out of ten people had not read the document. But they knew how to vote. Day after day, Khomeini had warned that for Iranians not to back the charter "would be a sacrilege to the blood shed by the martyrs." During the two days of voting, Khomeini stationed mullahs and armed revolutionary guards at the polling places, ostensibly to keep order. But they were also able to keep a close watch on the open voting. The ballots had two tabs: red slips for no votes and green ones, the color of Islam, for yes votes.

The outcome was predictably overwhelming approval for Khomeini's constitution. Almost all of his opponents, including non-Persian ethnic minorities and most moderates and leftists, boycotted the referendum. With about half the returns recorded, the government claimed that the constitution had been backed by 10,650,911 to 65,754—i.e., 99%. Rigged as the election may have seemed to Westerners, Interior Minister Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani declared it a "turning point in Iranian history, the juncture at which Iran becomes an Islamic republic in fact as well as in theory."

But Khomeini's control was far from complete, even over his followers on the governing Revolutionary Council. The



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GIFT WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST.

Nation

majority faction on the 15-man council was led by Ghotbzadeh, who apparently agrees with the Ayatollah that at least some hostages should be held until the U.S. turns over the Shah. But Ghotbzadeh's predecessor, Abol Hassan Bani-sadr, who was ousted as Foreign Minister two weeks ago because he seemed too willing to negotiate with the U.S., kept up a drum roll of criticism of Ghotbzadeh's hard-line policies. The pair clashed repeatedly during the council's secret sessions in Tehran. Three times, according to an intimate, Khomeini had to intervene personally and order one or the other to calm down.

Neither one is exactly a moderate, but Bani-sadr, who is still Iran's Economic and Finance Minister, is regarded as more flexible. In an interview with TIME Middle East Bureau Chief Bruce van Voorst, Bani-sadr said that Ghotbzadeh's fundamental mistake is keeping the hostages at the center of the crisis. Instead, said Bani-sadr, he should try to shift the world's attention to "the complicity of the U.S. Government, through its support of the Shah, in all the corruption, repression, torture and massacres that our nation has suffered in the past three decades."

If he had remained Foreign Minister, said Bani-sadr, he would not have boycotted the U.N. Security Council debate but would have shown up with a pile of documents to make Iran's case against the U.S. and the Shah. Said he: "My idea was to open the file of the Shah's regime to the inspection of the whole world as a documented case of the consequences of American domination."

During the interview, Bani-sadr provided some revealing glimpses into Iranian leaders' misconceptions about Americans. He insisted that by exposing the "entire network of corrupt dealings and ties between the Shah and U.S. Government officials," he might have caused Americans to turn on the Carter Administration. Said he: "It is only this policy that can persuade Americans to push for a different regime." He claimed that the Administration was playing a cynical game with the lives of the hostages. Said he: "I don't think that the Americans are concerned very much about the fate of the hostages. They have seized this opportunity to isolate our revolution. If they achieve this objective at the expense of the hostages, they will have paid, from their viewpoint, a bargain price."

To buttress their claims that the embassy was a "nest of spies," the students released a copy of a purported cable to the State Department. It indicated that a



Azerbaijani Turks guarding the gates to the TV station in Tabriz

Khomeini's officials fled after being warned, "You return, you die."

William Daugherty and a Malcolm Kalp, who the militants claimed were among the hostages, were CIA officers. The document also implied that there were two other CIA operatives on the embassy staff who were not named. In addition, the students displayed a faked Belgian passport and detailed instructions on how it was to be used with a set of forged immigration stamps to give the appearance that the passport bearer had gone in and out of Iran. The militants said the faked passport belonged to a hostage named Thomas Ahern Jr., who they said was the embassy's narcotics-control officer.

The existence of CIA officers in the embassy would be no surprise. Indeed, intelligence experts were puzzled that the

U.S. apparently had so few.

The Soviet embassy in Tehran has a far larger complement of KGB operatives. The U.S. reduced its CIA staff in Tehran after the revolution to lessen the chances of antagonizing the new government. In any event, the accepted practice is to expel foreign diplomats suspected of being spies, not put them on trial.

With the referendum behind him, the next step for Khomeini was to name the members of his new government. But this process was suddenly interrupted by the revolt of the Azerbaijani Turks, who fol-

low the leadership of Iran's second most powerful ayatollah, Sharietmadari. They number about 13 million out of Iran's total population of 35 million, and have long sought autonomy. When Sharietmadari expressed mild reservations about the new constitution—he wanted some checks on Khomeini's power—and said that he would boycott the polls, most of his followers in Azerbaijan followed suit.

Two days after the referendum, trouble broke out in Qum, where Khomeini, Sharietmadari and most of Iran's top Shiite leaders live. Several hundred Khomeini supporters gathered in the bazaar, shouting slogans against Sharietmadari, and then marched on his house. Among them were young men in black shirts,

Security Lapse?

When gloating Iranian students brandished a document purporting to show that two of their American hostages are spies for the CIA, one perplexing question arose: How could such a document be discovered? Prudent security procedures decree that "sensitive" cables 1) should not contain the real names of clandestine operatives; 2) should not be duplicated; 3) should be among the first documents to be destroyed in the event of an attack on the embassy.

In Tehran, none of these procedures seems to have been carried out. Security may simply have become lax, one well-informed observer charges, and top-secret cables may have been widely distributed among the embassy staff. Says an intelligence expert: "The problem is that everyone squirrels away in his office some of the stuff they invariably have to have on a day-to-day basis. As long as a project is active, the tendency is to keep a copy for yourself."

When the takeover of the embassy began, embassy employees may not have moved quickly enough to destroy sensitive files. The locked filing cabinets were designed to withstand only a ten-minute attempt at forced entry or 20 minutes of lock picking. By the time the documents were released, the invaders had had three weeks to work on the locks. Says a former CIA man of the Tehran employees: "They got caught with their pants down."

Such sloppiness has angered Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who has ordered U.S. embassies to use more care in safeguarding their secret files. One measure that has been largely abandoned is the dependence on thermite grenades for quick incineration of secret documents. U.S. outposts are now instructed to rely on shredding machines. But no matter what technology is chosen, the vigilance of those handling it is the real key to protecting U.S. secrets. Observes an old embassy hand: "Vance's new rules will last until people forget about them."

Thrown Out Like a Dead Mouse

The Shah's new memoirs feature bitter accusations

beating themselves with chain flails—the traditional Shi'ite expression of penitence. They clashed with a group of Azerbaijanis who had made a pilgrimage to Qum to see Sharietmadari. Pro-Khomeini guards fired into the air and used tear gas to disperse the crowd. Later, an unidentified sniper killed one man guarding Sharietmadari's house. Subsequently, an Iranian soldier was killed and nine people injured.

The shootings prompted a march by 30,000 Sharietmadari followers in Tabriz, the capital of Azerbaijan province, and the march quickly turned into a full-scale revolt. The insurgents seized control of government buildings, the governor's mansion and the local headquarters of the national radio and television station. They sent Khomeini's officials fleeing with the admonition: "You return, you die!" The rebels were joined by local units of the Iranian army and air force and the police, in both Tabriz and the nearby towns in the rugged mountains of the western part of Iran, near the borders of Turkey and Iraq. From Qum, Sharietmadari appealed to his supporters to remain peaceful. He pointedly did not criticize their revolt, but he did rule out secession. Said he: "We want to establish the framework for giving full liberty [meaning self-rule] to Azerbaijan, but it is part of Iran."

Khomeini also reacted cautiously, pleading that Iranians cease fighting among themselves and concentrate "on the confrontation with the U.S." But he acted quickly to forestall trouble in the province of Kurdistan, to the south of Azerbaijan. The 4 million Kurds, who revolted unsuccessfully against Tehran's rule last summer, had boycotted the referendum too. Late last week Khomeini's revolutionary guards that were supposed to pull out of Kurdistan stayed on. The Ayatullah also faces potential trouble among Iran's other minorities, particularly the Baluchi tribesmen in the southeast, Turkomans in the northeast and the Arabs in the southwest.

Another problem facing Khomeini is the declining state of the Iranian economy. Nationalization of banks, insurance companies and large industrial firms has caused virtual chaos. About a third of the country's work force is unemployed, and inflation is running at 40%. Nonetheless, support remains strong for Khomeini and the principles of Iran's Islamic revolution.

In the U.S. there has evolved a similarly firm nationwide determination—that the hostages must be freed. Some Administration officials see not just dead-end and frustration in the events of the past weeks, but an opportunity too. They interpret the national mood as marking the end of the Viet Nam decade of doubt about America and its role. They forecast a substantial increase in the U.S. armed forces and a willingness to make it plain that these forces would be used to defend America's just interests. ■



While he was in exile in Mexico last summer, the Shah of Iran produced a 280-page book describing the events that led to his overthrow. He was and is defiant in his insistence that events—and the U.S.—conspired against him. He was deposed, he feels, for doing the right thing. Last week, with the Shah sequestered in a Texas military hospital, his *Reply to History** began appearing in the London weekly magazine *Now!*

The Shah writes that he was astonished when he learned last January that U.S. Air Force General Robert Huyser,

"He was quickly to be satisfied. One by one they were executed... Before the parody of a trial which preceded his execution, General Amir Hussein Rabii, commander in chief of the Iranian air force, was questioned about the role played by General Huyser. He replied to his judges: 'General Huyser threw the emperor out of the country like a dead mouse.'"

The Shah claims that he was the victim of the progress he made in Iran. "When I began a shock program which would enable Iran to make up in 25 years the backwardness of centuries, I realized that success would be possible only by mobilizing all its resources... If a country is to be mobilized, it has to be driven, and, while it sets to work, defended against those who would hinder the process. To leave saboteurs to operate in freedom would certainly not have permitted realization of this program."

The Shah sees his failure as political. Every relaxation of controls was interpreted by his enemies as a sign of weakness. "There was a strange alliance between certain Tehran merchants, a feudal pseudo-theocracy and parties of the extreme left with the backing of a religious fanaticism foreign to the principles of Islam and Iranian traditions."

In developing a modern political system, writes the Shah, his father "removed from the clergy part of the privileges they had previously enjoyed. Consequently, one section of the Shi'ite clergy responded by branding all temporal power as necessarily a form of usurpation." But the Shah insists that he dealt relatively mildly with his opponents: "I am told today that I should have applied martial law more forcefully. This would have cost my country less dear than the bloody anarchy now established there. But a sovereign cannot save his throne by spilling the blood of his fellow countrymen."

The Shah is not angry at all Americans. He writes: "In exile at Cuernavaca, I had the great pleasure of visits from Henry Kissinger and former President Nixon. On the subject of American and international politics, I always found Kissinger much better informed than anyone else. Always true to his principles, he served his country by being fully conscious of the might of the U.S. and of American responsibility for maintaining the balance of power in the world..."

"By their visits to the exile of Cuernavaca, Mr. Kissinger and Mr. Nixon have demonstrated that there are some Americans who remain faithful in their friendships—unlike those who 'threw the emperor out of his country like a dead mouse.'"



First appearance of the royal story

Why was the American general in Iran?

then Deputy Commander in Chief of American forces in Europe, had been in Tehran for several days. "General Huyser's movements were normally laid down in advance. But this time nothing... I questioned my generals. They, too, knew nothing. What, then, was this American general doing in Iran?"

The Shah believes that Huyser's mission was to "neutralize the Iranian army" when demonstrations turned violent. Encouraged by Huyser and U.S. Ambassador William Sullivan, the Shah went into exile. "General Huyser remained in Iran for several days after my departure. Having arranged for the generals to abandon Dr. Shahpour Bakhtiar, head of the coalition government formed to see the country through its hour of crisis, all that remained for the fulfillment of his mission was the decapitation of Iran's army."

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Kennedy Makes a Goof

His attack on the Shah brings charges of misjudgment



It was the final interview of a long, exhausting day of campaigning by Senator Edward Kennedy. Reporter Rollin Post of KRON-TV in San Francisco was trying to draw him out on

Iran without much success. For a parting shot, Post asked Kennedy what his reaction was to Ronald Reagan's argument that the Shah should be allowed to stay in the U.S. because he had been a loyal friend. Kennedy answered with an emotional attack on the Shah, who, he claimed, "ran one of the most violent regimes in the history of mankind." How can we justify taking in the Shah "with his umpteen billions of dollars that he'd stolen from Iran," Kennedy demanded, "and at the same time say to Hispanics who are here legally that they have to wait nine years to bring their wife and children to this country?"

After unburdening himself, Kennedy rushed off as if he had a cab outside with the meter running. KRON thought so little of Kennedy's attack that it snipped it out before broadcasting the interview, but other reporters heard about it, and the headlines flared. The news soon reached Tehran, where the newspaper *Ettela'at* misguidedly interpreted Kennedy's statement as suggesting a "fundamental shift in public opinion in America." That lent weight to charges that Kennedy had given aid and comfort to the enemy and conceivably even jeopardized the hostages.

State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter called Kennedy's remarks "unfortunate and not helpful." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, said Carter, "regrets any such statement which shifts the focus of concern away from the hostages and makes negotiations more difficult." Added White House Press Secretary Jody Powell, trying to sound restrained: "You can see how bloody my tongue is from being bitten."

Republicans were more outspoken. Said John Connally: "I am sure that Ayatollah Khomeini is pleased to hear Senator Kennedy's remarks." George Bush felt that the statement "might endanger the lives of the hostages" and raises "serious questions about Kennedy's judgment on foreign policy." Press comment

was strongly unfavorable and occasionally stinging. The *Washington Post*: "It wasn't right, it wasn't responsible, and it wasn't smart." The *Atlanta Constitution*: "Kennedy, in a cynical campaign ploy against the incumbent President who cannot respond, has publicly sided with the Khomeini anarchy in Iran." The *Houston Post*: "Kennedy cannot be excused on grounds of inexperience. The incident is clear and will remain on his record."

Apparently surprised by the angry reaction, Kennedy issued a carefully worded statement trying to separate the issue of the Shah from that of the hos-

under the glare of constant publicity. From the start he had trouble dealing with abstract questions such as his idea of how to assert leadership. He explains: "There is a problem moving from the day-to-day life of a Senator, where you are involved in the details of legislation, to a campaign, where the expression of issues is quite different." On one occasion, he had to retape a TV segment, and when he was asked for the second time why he was running, he gave a rambling, less coherent answer. During a break in the filming, he quipped: "If another problem develops, let's go back to the first tape and use subtitles."

The unprepossessing start of the Kennedy campaign has been reflected in the lack of endorsements that might have been expected. A source close to New York Governor Hugh Carey, a Kennedy friend who has not yet committed himself, called the campaign "a plummeting star." In Arizona Kennedy told a crowd that he hoped to carry the state "with a little help from the Uddalls." But Liberal Congressman Morris Udall introduced Kennedy only as "the man who some think might be the next President."

One of Kennedy's problems may be that he has been surrounded by young Senate staffers, and he has lacked the shrewd counsel of a political veteran to help deal with the constant crises that come up during a hectic tour. To remedy that, Campaign Manager Stephen Smith last week dispatched John Reilly, 51, a lawyer and longtime Kennedy crony, to inspect operations on the road.

To try to smooth out his jumbled syntax, Kennedy's staff has put together thick black briefing binders filled

with direct, simple answers to questions that may arise. "I feel more comfortable on the podium now," says Kennedy, and indeed he sometimes strikes a certain rhythm in his basic stump speech that can rouse an audience. "What we have now is not a malaise among the American people, but a malaise in the highest levels of leadership," he booms, slashing the air with one hand and flipping large note cards with the other. "A can't-do President won't do for the 1980s." But Historian James MacGregor Burns, who traveled with Kennedy last week, thinks that the candidate has yet to define the basis of his challenge. "Kennedy is implying he will be effective without saying how he will do so," says Burns. "The Kennedys feel they can charge the political system with enough voltage so that they can get things done. This is not adequate."

به شاه مخلوع

دعوت ارتش از سر بازان



Photo of Kennedy in Iranian newspaper *Ettela'at* under headline "Deposed Shah"

"It wasn't right, it wasn't responsible, and it wasn't smart."

tages: "Our firm national commitment to the safe release of the hostages does not and cannot mean that this nation must condone the Shah and the record of his regime." Calling for a public debate on whether to grant asylum to the Shah, Kennedy claimed not to be bothered by the hostile reaction: "I think quite frankly that I was right on the issue, and that's what is important." When Vance declared that Congress would be consulted before the Shah is granted asylum, Kennedy professed to consider the controversy ended.

That seems unlikely. The uproar over his Iranian observation was the latest in a series of mishaps that have troubled the start of his campaign. He entered the race earlier than he had planned, with his organization in disarray, but

From the Campus to the Street

Iran's radicalized students practice the uses of power



Can those really be mere college students who are holding 50 Americans hostage at the U.S. embassy in Tehran? The suspicion that they are instead seasoned militants is reinforced nightly when newscasts show armed men outside the embassy who look more like combat soldiers, an impression both accurate and misleading. The men in dark green fatigues are not students; they are members of the Pasdaran, the Islamic revolutionary guard. But there is general agreement among Iranians and Western

a special kind. Though sweeping reforms of the education system along Islamic lines are being talked about, Khomeini has so far had remarkably little effect on the nature of Iran's universities. Only about 5% of the professors and administrators were purged for ties with the Shah. Since the revolution, faculty and staff have formed joint councils to run many of the schools. The tilt is definitely to the left, whether Islamic or Marxist.

Three major political groups jostle for position on Iranian campuses. The Mujahedin, the largest and most influential group, consists of radical Islamic nation-

graffiti, from Maoist slogans and Muslim oaths to standard anti-imperialist catch phrases. But activism is not confined to Tehran. The smaller the city, the more politically prominent the university tends to be. In Baluchistan, for instance, many students belong to the Jihad Sazandegi (meaning holy war), an organization that sends Iranian students to villages to build bridges, help harvest crops, teach school and generally spread the Islamic word.

Just like the rest of their society, Iran's students are in a period of great transition. The banishing of the Shah has loosened some types of censorship. Although some leftist parties are wary of being too open in their activities, political groups are technically free to put out their own publications. Says one student: "You don't know what it is to be able to go up to a newsstand and openly buy the writings of Lenin in Farsi." That may not be what the anti-Communist Khomeini has in mind as a suitable campus activity, but for the time being at least, the students of Iran are an independent force. They are relishing every minute of it.

Khomeinism

Merging church and state

"Our nation, in the process of its revolutionary development, cleansed itself of the filth of despotism and shed off an alien culture and mode of thought." So says the remarkable 175-article constitution that the Iranians approved last week by a claimed margin of more than 99%. Instead of any alien mode of thought, the new constitution gives all power to a *Faqih*, or supreme religious figure—that is, Khomeini. This *Faqih* is supposed to be "respected by the majority of the people as their undisputed leader," but there is no provision for his being elected. While filling this lifetime post, the *Faqih* "will assume all the duties and responsibilities of the country." He is the supreme commander, approves the choice of President and appoints all judges. He also names the twelve-member "guardian council" of six clerics expert in Islamic law and six Islamic lay lawyers, which has veto power over all legislation. Warns the constitution: "The clergy will safeguard against any deviations by various government organizations from their true Islamic functions and obligations."

The charter makes bows to such Western-style rights as freedom of the press and political parties. It also endorses equal rights ("There is no distinction on grounds of race, color, language or creed. Men and women have equality before the law"). Yet in each case there is a variation of an important proviso: these freedoms will operate only if "Islamic principles of the Republic are not flouted." As one Tehran resident acerbically put it, "The new charter creates the world's only 20th-century theocratic nation."



Militants hold a press conference on the hostages inside the U.S. embassy

Everyone is majoring in politics—and the tilt is definitely to the left.

diplomatic sources that the 200 or so young men and women who are always inside the embassy compound are indeed legitimate students.

One faction of the student radicals is composed of seminarians from the theological college at Qum, the holy city where the Ayatollah Khomeini resides. Many others are from Tehran campuses. One Tehran University professor says he knows of four students from his own department who took part in the assault, and a teacher at Mellis University in the city reports that about 90 students from his campus joined the takeover.

To American television viewers, school seems to be out in Iran, but despite the marchers, the universities are open and classes are generally well attended. More than 200,000 of 35 million Iranians go to the 53 universities and technical schools. Tuition is free, and many students pursuing graduate degrees may linger on campus well into their late 20s.

One major characteristic dominates Iranian universities: the extraordinary role of politics on campus, and politics of

allists who support Khomeini as a leader, but fear his reactionary approach to Islam. Another leftist group, the Pishgam, is the student affiliate of the Marxist Fedayan. Reportedly the group's members have received training from the Palestine Liberation Organization. The far-right Hezb-Ollahis, which gives Khomeini unquestioning obedience and represents religious fundamentalism, is in the minority.

The fragmentation of political opinion on campus creates some curious patterns. Leftist radicals and Muslim fundamentalists offer alternative courses outside the curriculum, just as radicals and blacks did on U.S. campuses in the 1960s. Indeed, the American experience in the '60s is one of the main influences on Iranian campuses. Says a professor: "Several of my radicalized colleagues are veterans of 1968 in the West and have been waiting ever since to repeat the experience at home."

This mixture of beliefs creates a volatile atmosphere on campus. The large, concrete buildings of Tehran University are emblazoned with a wide spectrum of

Schlock

It comes in red, white and blue

*Cause we could take our BB guns
Blow your buns to the sun
Just our Boy Scouts could wipe you
out.*

*Some day soon, Khomeini
You'll burn one flag too many
Uncle Sam has got his pride
You're about to feel his clout.*

That is the fervent chorus of *A Message to Khomeini*, an instant hit on WDLW, a Boston-area radio station. The song is part of the slick and quick hustle by schlock dealers nationwide to make a buck out of the crisis in Iran.

In Houston, Walter Rachelson sold 12,000 bumper stickers in a week for \$1 each. They flaunted slogans such as IRAN—TAKE YOUR OIL AND SHOVE IT, AND WARNING: I DON'T BRAKE FOR IRANIANS.

T-shirts are big, very big. The co-owners of a Chicago saloon sold two dozen at \$5.50 one afternoon last week. Some of the messages would have disgraced a privy wall, but one of the most popular is squeaky clean: a picture of Captain America emblazoned with the message: I'M COMING, IRAN!

In New York City, N.G. Slater Corp. manufactures buttons that bear anti-Iranian vulgarisms. There are numerous varieties of Khomeini dart boards and targets for sharpshooters. One dart board features a caricature of the Ayatullah holding a lighted match to his posterior. In Bedford Park, Ill., Michael McCormack was inspired to make Khomeini dart boards by a diaper serviceman who lined his truck with pictures of the Ayatullah and threw soiled diapers on them. Says McCormack: "We have sold 200,000 to everyone from little old ladies to a kid who wants to peddle them in grammar school."

The more tasteful symbols of protest are free. A New York City radio station, WMCA, is giving away white arm bands bearing the words UNITY IS STRENGTH, a paraphrase of remarks President Carter made at a news conference last month. The station handed out 300,000 in six days, including several that were requested by the White House press office.

The schlockmeisters seeking to capitalize on American outrage at the Iranian crisis make no apologies for their avarice. "It started out as a capitalist move. I'll admit that," says Bumper Sticker King Rachelson, "but now it is a way for me to wave the flag." Hy Slater, owner of Slater Corp., plans to continue peddling Iran through Christmas. His reason: "Khomeini said he'd hold the hostages over the holidays."

Ready, aim...



The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Shape of Things to Come

In the Pentagon they call it the "Bay of Rugs." The humor is a little weak, but the point is valid. Just as the Bay of Pigs in 1961 sobered John Kennedy's Government, so has the Iranian crisis shocked today's Washington into a new sense of reality.

The world, the U.S. and the White House are different. Just how, we will begin to see when the tension now girdling the capital is finally eased, with or without tragedy. A new era is coming.

"We will hear fewer prayers and more verses of the *Marine Hymn* in the next year," says one member of the White House. Gibes a Marine officer: "That was always good music."

Some vindicated prophets are already riding high. Among them are Washington's Henry M. Jackson, who has fought a lonely battle for more U.S. power year upon year, Georgia's Sam Nunn, who saw a crisis coming and used the SALT debate to nudge the Government toward more concern, and New York's Daniel Patrick Moynihan, one of the preachers of the new reality. Jackson's phone has been ringing with callers urging him to get into the presidential race.

Sam Nunn looked up at an aide last week and marveled at the sudden interest the media were displaying in the defense budget. For at least an hour a day now, Moynihan fields calls from his intellectual friends across the nation: the subject—the new shape of America. Universities have found in the New Yorker a new Pied Piper.

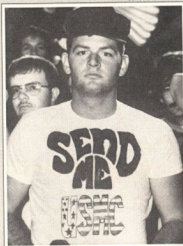
Diplomatic standings will change in the coming era, some up, some down. The Soviet Union's smooth-talking Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin will rate lower. So will former U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young and certain diplomats from the Third World. Henry Kissinger, former everything, will step a notch up. So will Anwar Sadat's skillful Washington envoy Ashraf Ghorbal. Spies are back, and the Carter Administration will not be using the word love quite so often or in quite the same way.

After the world has been steeped in the preaching of Khomeini, the trawling of booze, sex and money will not seem quite so bad, predicts the American Enterprise Institute's Ben Wattenberg. "Liberines will get a boost."

Pentagon spirit is on the rise. Marine Lieut. Colonel Arthur Brill walked into a bar in Manhattan's Grand Central Station, and the bartender, spotting his uniform, announced: "The first drink is on me." Brill was flabbergasted. That had not happened to him for years. "I'd like to see Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden take their tour today," he mused. Many more television programs and movies are being submitted to the armed services for consultation and technical advice. Marines are going to be good guys again on film. Says one officer: "We have learned there are some things in this world you cannot solve with a bumper sticker."

The military-industrial complex is in subterranean motion. Within hours of the start of the crisis, men from Lockheed, makers of the giant C-5A troop and equipment airlifter, were in Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's office, reviewing the American capacity to move military forces around the world. And engineers and tacticians from Boeing and McDonnell Douglas scurried to the Pentagon with the announcement of plans for a Marine Rapid Deployment Force. The current official vocabulary has to do with American bases abroad, overflight rights with friendly countries, aerial refueling capacity. The adrenaline is flowing, but there are some tough problems on the way back to first-class power. A red-faced White House is learning that a new airborne carrier may be needed for cruise missiles. The Administration is making embarrassed inquiries about a version of the B-1 bomber canceled in 1977.

At this rate the gin martini may be embraced next by the Georgia White House. That's O.K. There is a body of opinion that the world worked better before men took to mineral water.



A booster demonstrates against Iran



The bullet-riddled side of the Navy bus attacked near San Juan

Ambush at Daybreak

Puerto Rican terrorists kill two U.S. sailors

At 6:40 on a balmy morning last week, the yellow bus wheeled out of the U.S. Navy compound in Toa Baja, a San Juan suburb. Bouncing in their seats, the passengers—13 men and five women—dozed or talked quietly as they traveled the familiar route from the Sabana Seca Communications Station to a radio transmitter site four miles away. Nobody paid any attention to a green pickup truck that was following close behind.

About a mile from Sabana Seca, the truck suddenly accelerated. It passed the bus, slowed, and forced the bigger vehicle to a halt beside a trash dump. Simultaneously, a white van that had been parked down the road came roaring toward the scene, and the blast of automatic weapons fire shattered the dawn silence. The fusillade from the white van lasted for 30 seconds—"a lifetime," said one survivor—and when it was over two U.S. sailors lay dead and ten others, including all of the women, were wounded. The dead were Petty Officer 1st Class John R. Ball, 29, of Madison, Wis., and Radioman 3rd Class Emil E. White, 20, of Charlotte Amalie, Virgin Islands, who was driving the bus.

Credit for the savage attack, the worst outbreak of political violence in Puerto Rico in two decades, was claimed by three terrorist groups that favor Puerto Rico's independence from the U.S.: the Volunteers for the Puerto Rican Revolution, the Boricua Popular Army, and the Armed Forces of Popular Resistance. "We are not playing at war," they declared in a note left in a telephone booth. "We are prepared to take this struggle to its ultimate consequences." The murders, they said, were in retaliation for a police ambush that killed two young left-

ists in July 1978, and for the death of Angel Rodríguez Cristóbal. An activist, Cristóbal was arrested last May with 20 other protesters for trespassing on Vieques Island, which the Navy uses for bombing and shelling practice and amphibious exercises. Last month he was found dead in his cell at a federal prison in Tallahassee, Fla. His death was ruled a suicide, but pro-independence activists charged he was murdered.

More broadly, the left-wing terrorist groups oppose any movement of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico toward statehood. If he is re-elected next year, Governor Carlos Romero Barceló has promised to hold a plebiscite in 1981 to let Puerto Ricans choose between statehood, independence and the status quo. A second cause for protesters is the Navy's determination to keep using Vieques for maneuvers.

After the killings, FBI Agent Bernard Perez said: "An open attack is a new thing. It could be an escalation." Officials worriedly recalled the stealing of hundreds of pounds of explosives from a construction site in October 1978 and the looting of weapons from a police armory last spring. One potential flashpoint for more violence: Navy maneuvers that are expected to be held in late January or early February. Anti-Navy protesters are already planning mass demonstrations.

After last week's attack, American service personnel were advised not to wear their uniforms off post or to get into potentially dangerous situations. Navy personnel are now traveling in small vans that have police-car escorts. Riding shotgun in the vans are Marines that the Pentagon flew to Puerto Rico after the bus ambush. ■

Target: Hunger

A crusade against famine

The problem is age-old and worldwide, but it has a new urgency. How hunger is conquered or left to spread will do nothing less than shape U.S. security and economic health in the future. So declares the 20-member Commission on World Hunger in a sobering report that will be presented this week to President Carter.

The commission, chaired by Sol Linowitz, 66, now Special Ambassador to the Middle East, presents both distressing findings and challenging recommendations. The hunger problem today is vastly different from that of the past, when recurrent famines killed millions. Now there is so little food in so many parts of the world, year after year, that fully 25% of the globe's population is hungry or undernourished, and one person in eight suffers from debilitating malnutrition. Children under five make up over half of the world's malnourished population.

The report predicts that a major shortage of food could occur in the next 20 years—with disastrous effects for the U.S. Writes Linowitz in his accompanying letter to the President: "A hungry world is an unstable world..." The report goes a step further: "The most potentially explosive force in the world today is the frustrated desire of poor people to attain a decent standard of living. The anger, despair and often hatred that result represent a real and persistent threat to international order." What is more, notes the study, the world's economy is going to suffer if today's poor countries do not increase their purchasing power.

Both political and moral will are required to solve the problem. Says the report: "The quantities of food and money needed to eliminate hunger are very small in relation to available global resources." As a first step, the commission recommends that the U.S. make the elimination of hunger "the primary focus of its relationships with the developing countries for the decade of the 1980s," and contends that the country has a moral obligation to do so.

The commission recommends that the director of the International Development Cooperation Agency be promoted to Cabinet rank. It also urges the Administration to move rapidly toward meeting the U.N.'s goal of having the U.S. spend .7% of its gross national product to fight malnutrition. (Today the U.S. spends only .2%.)

Finally, the commission makes a plea to all the developed countries of the world, warning that unless they "begin to act upon their rhetorical commitments to ending hunger, the principle that human life is sacred, which forms the very underpinnings of human society, will gradually but relentlessly erode." ■



"WATCH YOUR STEP IN THIS PART OF NORTH CAROLINA"

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Why the Rabbit?

Maybe it's because it offers a brilliant combination of acceleration and handling. The Rabbit jumps from 0 to 50 mph in 8.3 exhilarating seconds. Meanwhile the rack-and-pinion steering helps it handle some of the quickest turns on the trail.

And besides performance, there are lots of other things that make the Rabbit an easy overall choice. Take passenger space, for instance. The Rabbit has plenty of it. With enough legroom and headroom

to fit four police officers — with their caps on.

In addition, it's so ruggedly constructed it has been compared to a Mosler safe. Which means it can take just about all the stopping, going, banging, slamming and bumping that the police can give it.

Shift after shift. Chase after chase.

Now, you're probably wondering which part of North Carolina the Rabbit is hiding in — well, we promised not to tell.

But if your foot ever gets heavy around here, you'll find out quicker than you can say Volkswagen.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



A man with dark, curly hair, wearing an orange raincoat, is leaning over the side of a ship. He is holding a thick rope and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The ship's metal structure and rigging are visible in the background, and the ocean with white-capped waves is in the foreground. The sky is a pale blue.

No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise

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like a light cigarette should.



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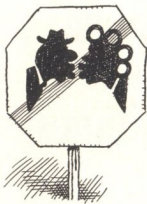
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Americana

Ban the Buss!

When the morning traffic began to pile up at the train station in the Chicago suburb of Deerfield, the village elders decided that too many commuters were slowing things down by tarrying to kiss their wives goodbye. To curb such dalliance, the officials designated the area where cars pulled up as a "no kissing zone." They even devised what they deemed to be an appropriate sign: a diagonal red slash superimposed upon the image of a woman in curlers pecking her hatted husband. In the parking lot, away from traffic, the same sign minus the slash marked the "kissing zone" for the impetuous and the civil libertarians.

Banning the buss has made parting a sweeter sorrow. "Kissing is up 100%," says Assistant Village Manager Marjorie Emery. Reports Commuter Lawrence Rosskin: "I take a later train so my wife and I can linger under the sign a while." So popular are the signs that they must be taken down on Fridays and erected



again on Mondays to keep them from being ripped off. The town has even taken out a copyright and plans to mass-produce the emblems on poster board at \$15 a pair. Deerfield has just one more problem to solve. The congestion around the station these days is terrible.

Kindergarten in the Sky

When Richard Lent, a tax lawyer, boarded an 8 a.m. Eastern Air Lines shuttle in Washington bound for New York City last week, he took a seat in the rear section of the plane and, mindful of his rights, demanded that his area on the filled aircraft be designated a nonsmoking section. The flight attendants obliged, but some passengers apparently did not hear the ensuing announcement. When a few



lit up, Lent lashed out. The fuming smokers decided they would rather fight than switch. Then, according to one flight attendant, "The screaming, yelling and hollering, shoving and insults really started."

Captain Larry Kinsey announced to the passengers: "Please act like adults. If this insurrection doesn't stop, I'm gonna put this plane down." The uproar continued. Kinsey, good as his word, landed at Baltimore-Washington International Airport. Some disgusted passengers canceled out, and the rest boarded a new plane with a new crew and arrived in New York about three hours late. Huffed Passenger Emory Kristof: "I haven't seen a display like that since kindergarten."

Sect Appeal

Always on the cutting edge, students at the University of California at Berkeley have been showing a renewed interest in religion. According to an informal survey this year, 8,000 of the school's 29,000 students volunteered a religious preference, up 1,000 over 1978. Catholics, Jews and Episcopalians were in the majority, and there was a smattering of Mormons, Quakers and Taoists. Says Peter D. Haynes, an Episcopal minister on campus: "I honestly think that there is an increased interest in religion, an openness among people to find a God-centered life."

But the survey also showed that some Berkeley students had their doubts about the validity of established churches. In listing their affiliations, they created some brand-new sects, most of which sound suspiciously secular: The Holy Order of Our Lady of Perpetual Motion; Southern Pedestrian; New Emeryville Church of Voodoo and Imported Beer; Polyester Pagoda of the Palpitating Pulpit; Born Again Atheist. Says the Rev. Gustav Schultz, a Lutheran minister who helped take the survey: "There are a lot of things in religion that ought to be laughed at. This is the students' way of expressing that. We think it's a good thing to have a healthy, critical attitude." Amen.

Taking Liberty

William Forstchen, a teacher at the Oak Grove-Coburn School in Vassalboro, Me., wanted to give his eleventh- and twelfth-grade students a lesson about their democratic heritage. So he drew up petitions containing a text of the Bill of Rights with a preamble asking that the "crime codding" Ten Amendments be repealed. The high school students started circulating the petitions door to door, at shopping centers, even near the state capitol building in Augusta.

Some civics lesson. More than 70% of the people solicited—many of whom read through the whole petition—agreed that the Bill of Rights should be repealed and signed their names. One lady gushed: "God bless you for what you're doing." In desperation, Forstchen resorted to censorship. He tore up the petitions and burned them in his fireplace.

Think Small

Rules are rules in Tennessee. When it came time to elect the mayor in Morrison, a hamlet of 547 people, no one wanted to run, but the county election commission insisted that an election be held anyway. No candidate emerged, but that was no problem: 43 out of 49 Morrison voters who showed up simply wrote the name of incumbent Mayor Harris Jacobs Jr. on the blank ballots. "We're not really backward or illiterate," explains Jacobs, a supervisor at an Air Force test facility who has served by default since 1969. "This is a nice little town with nice people."

The main reason: the exercise in democracy costs \$400, a hefty sum for Morrison where the yearly budget of \$18,000 operates the street lights, paves streets, and runs a public library and volunteer fire department. The only paid municipal employee is a part-time city recorder who earns \$50 a month. The citizens never have to fight city hall because there is no fight city hall to fight. They think that is just fine.



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Time Essay

Islam Against the West?

Whenever they kindle a fire for war, Allah extinguishes it. And they strive to create disorder in the earth, and Allah loves not those who create disorder.

— The Koran

The West and the world of Islam sometimes resemble two different centuries banging through the night on parallel courses. In full raucous cultural panoply, they keep each other awake. They make each other nervous. At times, as now, they veer together and collide: up and down the processions, threats are exchanged, pack animals and zealots bray, bales of ideological baggage spill onto the road. Embassies get burned, hostages taken. Songs of revenge rise in the throat.

Are these collisions inevitable? The mutual misunderstandings of the West and the Islamic world have a rich patina of history. Jews, Christians and Muslims, all "People of the Book," draw much of their faith from the same sources. Yet from the time of the Muslim conquests and the Crusades, West and Islam have confronted each other by turns in attitudes of incomprehension, greed, fanaticism, prurient interest, fear and loathing. The drama has lost none of its historic tension in the stagecraft of the Ayatullah Khomeini. "This is not a struggle between the United States and Iran," he has told the faithful. "It is a struggle between Islam and the infidel." At such moments, the Imam takes on the wild and grainy aspect of a dire Mohammedan prophet by DeMille.

Khomeini may even wish to transcend Iranian nationalism and export his fundamentalist Islamic revival. The prospect of such contagious piety disturbs other Muslim leaders, the Saudi royal family, for example. But it also raises apprehension and a certain amount of bewilderment in the West. When Mahdist Saudi zealots took over the mosque in Mecca last month, the Islamic world displayed a disconcerting readiness to believe Khomeini's incendiary report that the attack had been the work of Zionists and U.S. imperialists. "The Americans have done it again," many Muslims told themselves reflexively. Some Americans have responded by asking with a truculent innocence: "What did we ever do to them?"

If the question is disingenuous, the answers are complex.

The U.S. never colonized Islamic countries, as, for example, Britain and France did. The U.S. has no large Islamic minority and thus, unlike the Soviet Union, has no record of bitter internal relations with Muslims. Besides (as some Muslim leaders know), Communism is far more inimical to Islam than capitalism. But in the past 30 years, the U.S. has been a chief participant in a cultural encounter that is in some ways even more traumatic to the world of Islam than colonialism: the full onslaught of secular, materialist modernization, 20th century civilization sweeping into the timeless Muslim villages. The vast apparatus of Western progress, a machine overwhelmingly vigorous, profoundly tempting and yet decadent by all the disciplines of the Prophet, has threatened Muslim identity.

Western science and technology have wounded the deep pride of Islam. The success of the unvirtuous, the infidel unfavored of Allah, is psychologically confusing. "Seen through Muslim eyes," writes Berkeley Historian Peter Brown, "the emergence of [the West] as the temporary master of the world remains an anomaly in the natural unfolding of the course of history." Muslims have recoiled from modernization in exact pro-

portion to the force of its temptation for them. They have been attracted by secular materialism, have tried it in the guise of both capitalism and Marxism, but they have often been disappointed by it, have associated it with the colonial masters who introduced them to it. They have found it dangerously, almost radioactively, corrupt.

Some Muslims, of course, insist that Islam and modernization are perfectly compatible. Many Islamic countries supply the oil that is, for now, the indispensable ingredient of modernization, and they have tried to use their staggering and sudden wealth to buy the machines of progress without the devils that often inhabit them. Conservative Saudi leaders, for example,

pursue a selective strategy regarding the technological riches of the West: they seek to modernize without the garish libertine free-for-all that Western secular individualism has promoted.

But for Muslims, the dilemma remains:

if they are to develop economically, they must import Western technology. To master Western technology, they must send their young to be educated in the West. And that invariably means diluting their culture. Progress means better medicine and other mitigations of life's harshness, of course, but it also means the young women returning from Paris or Palo Alto in short skirts instead of *chadors*; it means 30% inflation, pollution, an open door to all the depressing vitality of the junk culture; it means the young leaving the villages and becoming infested with all kinds of Hefnerian tastes for hi-fis and forbidden pleasures. It is sometimes difficult for a Westerner to understand that to a Muslim, the cultural dismantling of Islam, the governing apparatus of his life and civilization, is a tragedy that amounts to a form of annihilation.

The sort of Muslim fundamentalism evident in Iran or Muammar Gaddafi's Libya may confirm a remark by Frantz Fanon, the philosopher of Third World uprisings: the native response to imperial domination is to fall back on what is authentic, what is resistant to modernization. The mosque becomes a symbolic safe haven.

Islam is not inherently or inevitably anti-Western, despite the often bloody encounters of the past. Muslims have historically occupied a geographically vulnerable position, which may account for their militant touchiness. But the religion has become the vehicle for certain anti-Western, anti-American resentments and antipathies. In some ways, the specifically Islamic religious component is almost incidental: Islam is, as much as anything else, the repository for grievances, envies and hatreds that Third World have-nots harbor for the privileged of the globe. Islam gives cohesion to complaints about the injustices of the world. The Muslim tradition provides the language and symbolism to express a wide social message: it is not necessarily a religious phenomenon. It is not anti-Christian. In fact, Muslims really regard modern Westerners as a species of pagan. Ironically, some of the resentment has been aroused by the emergence of oil-rich classes within the Islamic countries themselves. With that wealth came a widening gap between rich and poor, a dangerous ambivalence of rising expectations and an anxiety that old ways might be endangered. The resentment of modernization is not anything so simply and piously self-abnegating as a wish to avoid luxury; it is also a bitterness at being forced to live adjacent to a wealth one cannot possess.



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Essay

Iran embodies both the essence of the Islamic complaint against the West and unique historical grievances of its own. By race (Aryan), language (Persian), religion (Shi'ite Muslim) and historical tradition (ancient Persia was conquered by Muslims in the 8th century), Iran is different from the rest of Middle Eastern Islam. It was never colonized, in the usual sense of the word, by the West. And yet the penetration of Western ideas was deeper in Iran than in some other parts of the Middle East and came to be seen in a considerably more sinister light.

While leaders in other Muslim states (Saudi Arabia and Libya, for example) have moderated Western influences, the Shah embraced the West with (as it turned out) a heedless enthusiasm. He set up a secular state, destroying the classic and crucial unity in Islam between church and government. Under the Pahlavis, women were liberated from the traditional chador, permitted to vote and divorce their husbands. The Shah made the mistake of ignoring the mullahs (priests). The U.S., in turn, embraced him, and even had the CIA engineer a coup to restore him to power in 1953. Corruption, dislocations of life and profoundly disorienting social change all accompanied his rule; so did political suppression and the tortures of SAVAK, his secret police. The U.S. was inextricably implicated in the career of this potentate—Ozymandias and Faust—and shared the people's judgment of him when it came.

Anti-Western, and specifically anti-American, sentiment in Iran is therefore not surprising or irrational, whatever irrational forms it has taken. The deep social anger at the Shah and the U.S. that supported him has assumed an air of fanaticism in its Shi'ite expression. Shi'ites, who make up 10% of Islam, tend toward a passionate, activist religious life and flirtation with martyrdom (they have been known to commit suicide accidentally by bashing and mutilating themselves in mourning for their founder, Husain, the slaughtered grandson of the Prophet). Shi'ites also prefer charismatic leaders: they are forever parading the portrait of the Imam Khomeini.

The special ferocity and condensation of the will that are evident in the Iranian revolution owe much to this tendency toward the cult of personality. (One ironic aspect is that Khomeini may not, strictly speaking, be a very good Muslim at all. He not only condoned the violation of Islam's protection of foreign emissaries, but also made inflammatory, groundless claims about the American responsibility for the Mecca attack. He has deliberately fomented violence, which the Koran forbids.)

The distinction between Sunnis and Shi'ites is, according to some scholars of Islam, much greater than that between, say, Roman Catholics and Protestants. It is one of the most basic of many differences that make it not only inadvisable but impossible to generalize about Islam as if it were a single, coherent bloc. Just as the Communist world includes antagonists (U.S.S.R. and China, Viet Nam and Cambodia), the Islamic world is very much fragmented. Morocco and Algeria are fighting in the western Sahara. The Middle East is a psychodrama of the paranoid fears entertained by Arabs for one another. North and South Yemen were at war earlier this year. Moderate Arab states like Saudi Arabia and Jordan fear a radical trend that might become uncontrollable. It is important to notice that for all the incendiary mobs that have ebbied around American outposts in the past few weeks, none has ever got out of control of the governing authorities; when the government said stop, the rioting stopped. That suggests that the mobs might be viewed more as a form of demonstrative Muslim rhetoric (dangerous and expensive rhet-

ric, of course) rather than as any tidal force of history.

Furthermore, the world of Islam extends far beyond the Middle East. The largest single concentration of Muslims in the world exists in Indonesia, where there is virtually no Islamic outcry against the West or America. Says former Malaysian Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman: "It is a shame to think that Iran, one of the progressive Muslim countries, has, literally speaking, gone to the dogs."

One inexhaustible source of anti-Americanism in Muslims is U.S. support of Israel and the question of a Palestinian homeland, issues that blend with the Third World prejudice against the privileged. But, says French Sociologist Jacques Berque, "any hopes or fears that the entire Muslim world will unite against the West amount to a romantic vision of pan-Islamism."

Muslims have aggressively sought the material wonders of the West, yet are ambivalent in their souls. Berque locates the central dilemma of Islam: If Islam is ever to become an economic and political competitor of capitalism and Marxism, it must embrace a progress that may forever weaken its ethical and spiritual structures, just as other religions have been drained by the secularization of the Western world. So far, Islam has not proved itself a vehicle of social change, a program to confront the modern world.

Still, oil has convinced the Islamic world—or half-convinced it—of its worth and power. The presence of oil in the complicated psychology of anti-Westernism makes the volatility of the Islamic world especially perilous. It is an interesting point of Muslim psychology that the Arabs who grow unimaginably rich off Western payments for oil (and squander their petrodollars on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, Calif., on Rolls-Royces and golden bathroom fixtures) have still in them enough desert asceticism to be contemptuous of the West's energy addictions. So here the old relation is reversed: the West is dependent on the East, and is learning something about the frustration that dependence brings.

In this encounter of East and West, the rage on either side has a way of spiraling up in a murderous double helix: the anger of the Muslims may feed on itself, and the countering anger of the West may further ignite the anger of Islam. So great is the mutual incomprehension that international relations degenerate rapidly to the chaotic psychology of the mob. Although U.S. reactions have been, all things considered, remarkably mild, the Iranian crisis has legitimized among Americans a new stereotype of the demented Muslim. Says University of Wisconsin Historian Kemal H. Karpat: "Khomeini has done more harm to the Islamic image in one month than all the propaganda of the past 15 years."

It should be possible for Americans to preserve an intelligent sympathy for the Islamic perspective without feeling vaguely guilt-stricken by the past. Anti-Americanism—the specific, sharper focus of anti-Westernism—is in some ways the Islamic world's excuse for its own failures, confusions and periodic collapses into incoherence. It is more convenient morally to blame the West than to gaze steadily at the Islamic dilemma, easier to devise revenge for the past than ideas for the future. Khomeini, with his absolutist pretensions and aggressive fantasies of *jihād* (holy war) against the West, demeans Islam; he gives it the aspect of a bizarre, dangerous but spiritually trivial cult. To the extent that Muslims support Khomeini, they share in the image of Islam that he has created.

—Lance Morrow



Modern transportation in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia

World

MIDDLE EAST

Questions About a Crisis

How will the Iranian situation affect the Saudis and the Soviets?

After the seizure of the U.S. embassy in Tehran by Iranian radicals, some of Washington's Middle East experts predicted that this outrageous violation of international custom would brand Ayatollah Khomeini as a pariah in the Islamic world. The experts were wrong. Certainly the majority of Khomeini's neighboring rulers disapprove of the embassy invasion and the holding of diplomatic hostages. But the denunciations of the Ayatollah have not been as loud or as specific as the U.S. would like. That is partly because Khomeini's skill at rousing Iranian mobs to a pitch of zealotry has caused other leaders to fear that his kind of revolution could take root in their nations.

Last week, as the war of nerves between Tehran and Washington continued, U.S. policymakers were pondering three questions: 1) What was the impact of the crisis on other key states in the Middle East, notably Saudi Arabia? 2) What role was being played by the Soviet Union? 3) How would other nations respond in the event of retaliatory action against Iran by the U.S.?

From the U.S. viewpoint, the linchpin of the Middle East is Saudi Arabia, which currently supplies the West with about 22% of its oil imports. U.S. security depends, quite literally, on continued oil production by Saudi Arabia—and thus on the staying power of a royal family that faces many of the problems of religious and tribal instability that afflicted the deposed Shah. The Saudis, whose semifeudal society is trying to cope with both Western technology and hordes of unassimilated foreigners, are exceedingly vulnerable to both external and internal threats. That was proved by the recent seizure of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca by a band of religious fundamentalists who were well trained in guerrilla warfare.

The last of the invaders were finally routed from the mosque's catacomb-like basement last week, but not before the incident had shaken the House of Saud to its sandy foundations. Most authorities are now convinced that the group, which numbered between 200 and 300, was trained and armed in Marxist South Yemen, and that the tab for the venture was picked up by Libyan Strongman

Muammar Gaddafi. The Saudis also claimed that the young leader of the group, Mohammed al-Quraishi, a theology student who called himself the Muslim Mahdi (Messiah), had been killed in the fighting. A Saudi official declared last week that the objective of the gunmen had been to "terrorize the Muslims, incite sedition and rebel against the leader of the country," King Khalid. This was the first admission by the Saudi government that the motives of the terrorists

will not be realized until the mid-1980s. That may not be soon enough to combat other forces of change already at work in the Middle East.

There was unrest last week in Saudi Arabia's eastern province, center of the oilfields and site of the huge refinery and port of Ras Tanura. The province contains sizable communities of Palestinians (75,000) and Shi'ite Muslims (75,000), and thus is susceptible to outside influence; both Marxist leaflets and cassettes of inflammatory speeches by Khomeini have circulated there in recent weeks. The Saudis are alarmed. As one official told TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis: "I fear that Saudi Arabia is now the target of a massive conspiracy to topple the ruling families of the gulf and place the oilfields within the grasp of new forces that will never see America as a friend."

The Saudis are particularly worried about the stability of the offshore island state of Bahrain, where a Shi'ite majority is ruled uneasily by a Sunni family. To protect their interests on Bahrain, the Saudis are pressing ahead with a plan to build a 19-mile causeway across the Arabian Gulf to the island kingdom. The Saudis, as well as the Bahraini rulers, are alarmed that Iran has reinvented an old claim to sovereignty over the island.

With the fall of the Shah and the deterioration of his imposing military machine, Iran collapsed as a strategic power capable of protecting the oil routes through the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea. Suddenly the Soviets find themselves confronted with targets of opportunity, which could conceivably offset some of their defeats of the past decade in the Middle East.

These include their ignominious expulsion from Egypt by Anwar Sadat and their flight from Somalia. But now, with Iran on the verge of falling apart and the whole region trembling, the Soviets have another chance to fulfill their longstanding goal of gaining access to the Persian Gulf for their newly enlarged navy. Says a ranking Egyptian official: "If American power in the Middle East is immobilized, or even if it merely appears to be immobilized, then it can be only a matter of time before revolutionary change engulfs the oilfields, and all the present kings will ei-

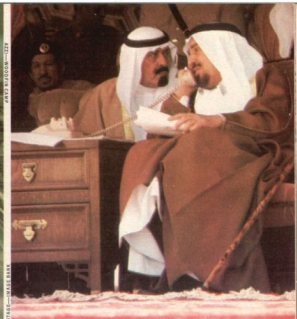


A captured mosque invader, arms tied behind his back

An admission that the act was both political and religious.

had been political as well as religious.

In the lengthy struggle with the guerrillas, the Saudi forces were at a disadvantage because they were trying to protect the lives of several thousand hostages and to avoid unnecessary damage to Islam's holiest shrine. Nonetheless, the protracted battle clearly demonstrated that the Saudi national guardsmen, supposedly the elite of the country's 56,000-man armed forces, were not as well trained as the guerrillas. Western military experts believe that Saudi Arabia's ambitious plan to become a respectable military power



The huge Saudi Arabian oil refinery at Ras Tanura; King Khalid (right) confers with commander of his national guard, Prince Abdullah

ther be dead or living in exile somewhere in the U.S."

During the embassy siege in Tehran, the Soviets have played an ambiguous role. On the one hand, their Ambassador at the United Nations, Oleg Troyanovsky, both by oratory and vote supported the Security Council resolution demanding the immediate release of the American hostages. On the other hand, Soviet propaganda has done what it could to make mischief. At first the Soviet Farsi-language broadcasts, beamed from Baku into northern Iran, harshly criticized the U.S. These were toned down after Washington protested. But last week, in its harshest volley to date, *Pravda* accused the U.S. of trying to "blackmail Iran by massing forces on its frontiers" and said that Washington was turning the crisis into "one of the serious international conflicts of the postwar era." The U.S. protested that the *Pravda* editorial was "deplorable," and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance complained to Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin during one of their two meetings last week.

Most U.S. analysts believe the Soviets simply had not settled on a coherent policy to cover the radically changed situation. The Kremlin leaders may delight in the rise of anti-American sentiments in Iran and elsewhere, but they must realize that they do not necessarily reap benefits when the U.S. loses. Moscow's experience has been that even some of its most faithful clients rebel in exasperation. As one top Administration expert puts it: "When the Soviets go into a country in the Middle East, they tend to muck around and not really achieve much improvement in the local way of life."

Beyond that, Khomeini's Islamic revolution over the long term probably poses as great a threat to the Soviet Union, with its huge Muslim population (some 50 mil-

lion) as it does to U.S. interests. Moscow's best hope lies in the fact that as long as the current state of near anarchy prevails in Iran, there is the chance of a new revolution that would bring the Marxists left to the fore.

The Soviets also need a stable regime in Tehran if Iran is to become a secure source of energy for them in the future. They are rapidly running out of oil of their own and will need to import large amounts of foreign oil beginning in the early 1980s. Under the Shah, the Soviets profited from cheap natural gas pumped from the Iranian fields through the Caucasus. To Moscow's chagrin, the Khomeini regime quickly canceled the deal after it came to power.

Soviet ambivalence does not extend, however, to the possible use of American military power in the area. This is one question on which the Soviets as well as America's closest allies in Europe and the Middle East are agreed: that it would be a devastating mistake for the U.S., whatever the provocation, to punish Khomeini by using American power to destroy Iran's airfields or immobilize its oil production. Even the Saudis, though they are fond of saying that the U.S. should throw its weight around and act more like a superpower, are terrified at the notion that this might happen in their own backyard.

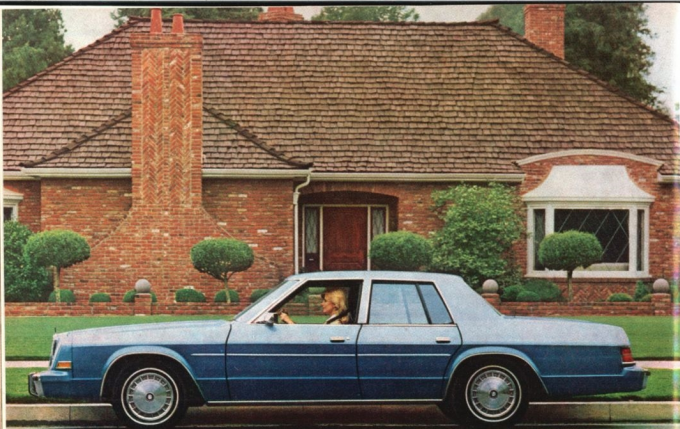
The British view is that a U.S. military strike would set off an anti-American chain reaction of such intensity as to do almost limitless damage to U.S. interests in the Middle East and split the Western alliance more deeply than anything that has happened since the Anglo-French assault on Suez in 1956. Such an action, the British believe, could provoke a savage response throughout the Muslim world, sweeping aside the monarchies that until now have been aligned with the U.S. In addition, of course, the European allies are worried about the possibility of being deprived of the oil on which they and the

Japanese largely depend. Says a Whitehall expert: "America, with some belt-tightening, could survive an Arab oil boycott. For Europe, it would be an event of apocalyptic proportions."

Washington's allies appreciate that U.S. prestige has suffered during the Iranian crisis—though less, they believe, than would have been the case if the U.S. had been dealing with a more conventional, and indeed more rational, adversary. The British government has been impressed by Jimmy Carter's handling of the crisis thus far and believes that as the frenzied holy month of Muharram comes to an end, ways will eventually be found to arrange a release of the American hostages.

Short of military action, the U.S. has several other "options we have not exercised," as Carter put it last week, that America's allies might find more tolerable. One such option would be an economic embargo on goods sold to Iran. Another would be a naval blockade of Iran, though this would cut off Iranian oil deliveries to Europe and Japan. Besides economic action, the U.S.—in the view of some strategists—could try to foment more unrest among Iran's angry minorities, including the Kurds and the Baluchis, who seek greater autonomy. The rebellion that broke out last week in Azerbaijan province, home of 5 million ethnic Turks, is an explosive example of what could happen elsewhere in Iran.

In short, these are possibilities for diplomatically acceptable pressures that might prove as effective as military action. The big question is whether, under any circumstances, U.S. interests would be served by the disintegration of Iran. Presumably that depends, in turn, on whether an Islamic Iran, a Marxist Iran or an anarchic Iran rendered impotent by ethnic warfare would, in the long run, turn out to be the greatest threat to the stability of the region. ■



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World

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

On the Brink of Peace

The Patriotic Front agrees to a cease-fire, but hazards remain

"I don't think anybody will turn back now," said Britain's jubilant Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington. After 86 days of stop-and-go negotiations at the London Peace Conference, Patriotic Front Co-Leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe agreed to a cease-fire that should end the seven-year-old civil war in the breakaway British colony. Although some important details remain to be worked out, the principal issues barring the way to peace for Zimbabwe Rhodesia were resolved; agreement on a new constitution and arrangements for the transition to elections had been reached in earlier talks at Lancaster House.

The last major hurdle in the quest for a truce was achieved by a formula that made subtle concessions to both sides without spelling them out in detail. It was cobbled together in a brilliant, behind-the-scenes piece of diplomacy by Commonwealth Secretary-General Shridath Ramphal and a group of British Foreign Office aides. At a three-hour meeting Tuesday night with Nkomo and Mugabe, Ramphal and the guerrilla chiefs examined each line of the deadlocked cease-fire proposals until a reasonable formula was found. Then they called Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, who is chairman of the Presidents of the so-called Frontline States.* Ramphal convinced him that the Front would not be put at a disadvantage by the revised cease-fire formula.

Three key issues had emerged as the sticking points for the Front:

Equality of Treatment. The Carrington cease-fire plan specified 15 "assembly points" inside Zimbabwe Rhodesia for the guerrilla forces when a cease-fire begins. But no comparable provision was made for Salisbury's troops, who were merely to remain at their bases. The matter was resolved when Carrington agreed that the question of assembly points for the guerrillas would be removed from the principles governing the cease-fire and transferred to formal discussions on how the agreement will be carried out.

Rhodesian Air Force. The Patriotic Front demanded that Rhodesian fighter and bomber aircraft be grounded from the first day of the cease-fire. Carrington assured them that the air force would be monitored effectively by the 1,200 Commonwealth troops who will supervise the cease-fire—about four times as many as the British first envisaged. The U.S. agreed to provide transport aircraft to fly military equipment needed by the supervising forces. (Last week, by an overwhelming 90-to-0 vote, the Senate approved a compromise bill that authorized

*The others: Angola, Botswana, Mozambique and Zambia.

the Administration to lift economic sanctions against Zimbabwe Rhodesia, which have been in effect since 1966, by the earlier of two dates: either Jan. 31 or when a new British governor arrives in Salisbury.)

South African Troops. An estimated 1,600 South African troops, equipped with 16 to 18 Puma helicopters and light howitzers, are serving with Salisbury's forces. Carrington assured the Patriotic Front that "there will be no external involvement in Rhodesia" after the British governor arrives. "This position," he added, "has been made clear to all the governments concerned, including South Afri-

said: "It gives me much pleasure to compliment our Patriotic Front brothers." Carrington, in best deadpan humor, said that he was delighted the conference was ending with Zimbabwe Rhodesians calling each other brothers and joked: "No one calls me brother."

Nonetheless, as a spokesman for Mugabe put it: "There are still hazards ahead. The safety of our forces is at stake." In Salisbury there was talk about the prospect of civil war, since nearly every major political leader in the country commands a well-armed private militia. Said one lawyer in the capital: "Whoever loses the election will turn to his military supporters and say: 'The elections were rigged. Carry on fighting, boys.'" The Mugabe and Nkomo armies together number about 40,000 trained guerrillas. Salisbury has 12,000 men in the army and air force, backed by 40,000 reservists. Other li-



Lord Soames, new governor for Zimbabwe Rhodesia, and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington
Hoisting the Union Jack for perhaps the shortest period in British history.

ca." Carrington privately assured the Patriotic Front leaders that he had warned Pretoria's Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha that the moment the British governor arrived in Salisbury, all South African troops and paramilitary forces were to leave immediately. The Pretoria government promised Carrington that the troops would be pulled out.

Allowing himself a rare smile, Mugabe delivered the Patriotic Front's acceptance of the Carrington plan. "We now feel the British proposals for a cease-fire provide the basis for agreement, and for moving on quickly to settle the details of the implementation," he said. There followed an exchange of compliments all round. The Salisbury delegation smiled across at the guerrilla leaders, and Deputy Prime Minister Silas Mundawara

censed arms holders in the country, mostly white Rhodesians, number 160,000.

Carrington is determined not to lose the momentum for peace. Hence he decided to dispatch the entire British team to Salisbury immediately. It includes the new governor, Lord Soames, Conservative leader in the House of Lords and Winston Churchill's son-in-law; his deputy, Sir Antony Duff, a top African expert; and the military commander, Major General John Ackland. As soon as a date for the cease-fire is fixed, Lord Soames will hoist the Union Jack for perhaps the shortest period in British history. It could be struck as early as next March, by which time elections should have been held and a new majority-rule government formed and installed. With that, Rhodesia will become the new independent nation of Zimbabwe.

World

SOUTH KOREA

Park's Man Takes Power

A "caretaker" in Seoul

To campus dissidents who still resent his long association with the past regime, he is the "dictator's henchman." To almost everybody else in South Korean politics, however, he is perhaps the most skilled and experienced civil servant in the land and an incorruptible "Mr. Clean" who has always put duty above ambition. Even opposition party leaders give him considerable credit for having kept the country calm in the traumatic aftermath of President Park Chung Hee's assassination on Oct. 26.

Last week Choi Kyu Hah, 60, the 6-ft., mild-mannered career bureaucrat who served as Foreign Minister and Premier under Park and became Acting President after the killing, was chosen as his country's new head of state by a 96% majority of the 2,560-member electoral college called the National Conference for Unification. Though Choi (rhymes with Jay) was the sole candidate and is nominally able to serve the five years remaining in Park's current term, there were signs that he wanted to limit his tenure in Seoul's presidential Blue House and lead the country's transformation to a genuine democracy. In an acceptance statement to the electors in the capitol's cavernous municipal gymnasium, he said: "I will observe the constitution, safeguard the nation, and strive for increased freedom."

The election was carried out under Park's less than democratic 1972 consti-



Choi after unopposed election

tution, which, among other things, effectively made Park President in perpetuity. Thus critics regarded the vote as just more rigged politics. In Seoul hundreds of youthful dissidents had defied a martial-law ban on demonstrations and staged a noisy protest calling on students to mobilize "a last crucial battle for democratization." Police swiftly dispersed the protesters; more than 100 were arrested.

Nonetheless, the choice of Choi held out a realistic hope for gradual liberalization. A Confucian scholar's son who speaks five foreign languages (English, German, French, Japanese and Chinese), Choi describes himself as "a caretaker." What Korea needs most, he has told friends, "is not a hero but a good many good managers." He is already on record with a series of pledges: to restrict his term in office (to perhaps two years at most), to oversee the preparation of a new constitution (which might limit the President to one six-year term), and to call a new election (probably by 1982) in which all of the country's 17 million voters would choose a chief executive. Trying to build a consensus for such reforms, Choi has met with more than 400 leaders of key groups—the military men who currently wield the decisive power, opposition politicians, business and community representatives from all over the country. As a result of Choi's efforts, the ruling and opposition parties in the National Assembly have agreed with rare unanimity to join in forming a Deliberation Committee for revision of the constitution.

While there was wide agreement on the need for change and democratization, there was far less consensus on the timetable and extent of the reforms. Choi and other leaders of the ruling Democratic Republican Party are aiming at a transitional period of as long as two years. Yet opposition figures, among them New Democratic Party Leader Kim Young Sam, believe that the constitutional changes could be completed in only three months and a general election held by

next fall. Other nettlesome questions concerned the role of the army: how soon it might be willing to lift martial law, for instance, and how much free rein it might be willing to give civilian politicians. But for the moment even opposition leaders are praising the restrained post-assassination behavior of the military, whose senior officers genuinely seem to want to establish solid civilian rule. Says Kim Young Sam: "The army has no intention of entering into the business of politics or grasping power. [It] has shown a great deal of maturity."

President Choi wasted no time in demonstrating his brave intentions about constitutional reform. At week's end, in his first official act, he abolished the notorious Emergency Decree No. 9, under which Park had effectively silenced dissent and jailed political opponents. Accordingly, it was announced that as many as 1,000 political prisoners who had not been convicted of any other offenses would be exonerated as soon as the courts could dispose of their cases.

That bold presidential stroke overshadowed another judicial development. Wearing padded prison jackets and leather handcuffs, former Korean Central Intelligence Agency Chief Kim Jae Kyu and seven of his colleagues shuffled into a heavily guarded military court in Seoul, and the trial of Park's alleged assassins got under way.

PORTUGAL

Going Right

A conservative in Lisbon

Five years have passed since Portugal threw off half a century of dictatorship, but its road to a stable democracy remains bumpy. After eleven short-lived governments, assorted coups and counter-coups, and much maneuvering between various military factions, the country is politically and economically weary. Following the fall of Socialist Premier Mário Soares' minority regime in mid-1978, the squabbling factions in the National Assembly were unable to agree on a new government. So last summer Portugal's President, General António Ramalho Eanes, called an election in hope that a "coherent" left-of-center government would emerge. It was not to be. Last week, when a record 87.5% of the electorate went to the polls, the vote instead went narrowly to a new center-right coalition called the Democratic Alliance. Its leader, Francisco Sá Carneiro, 45, an ambitious, sometimes abrasive, conservative lawyer-politician, is expected to be named Premier.

The Alliance, composed of Sá Carneiro's Center Social Democrats, the Christian Democrats and the tiny Monarchist Party, picked up 42.2% of the vote. The final tally is expected to give the Alliance a governing majority of 128 or 129 of the parliament's 250 seats.



Accused assassin under military guard
Political prisoners would soon go free.



Sá Carneiro with Abecassis

Soares' Socialists, punished by the voters for their dilatory performance while in power, got only 27% of the vote, vs. 35% in 1976. Although the share of the vote won by the Alliance parties was up by 4%, substantial gains were posted by Alvaro Cunhal's pro-Moscow Communists, whose share grew from 14.6% to 19%, reflecting increasing influence not only in industrialized Lisbon but also in the conservative, Roman Catholic north. With the next election due in the fall of 1980, Sá Carneiro must prove quickly that his government can do better than its predecessors in coping with Portugal's problems of rising inflation and unemployment, both now at about 25%, and falling business investment and living standards.

The diminutive (5 ft. 4 in.), energetic Sá Carneiro is accused by leftist detractors of acting like a "little king." He, in turn, scorns the willingness to compromise that was Soares' trademark. Says Sá Carneiro: "This was the evil of the Socialist Party. They conciliated with us and the Communists. It does not work." As a member between 1969 and 1973 of the rubber-stamp parliament of the post-Salazar dictatorship led by Marcello Caetano, Sá Carneiro pressed for political liberalization, including curbs on the brutal secret police. After the revolution, he was made a Minister Without Portfolio, but he soon quit to form his own party, which opposed nationalization of banks and major industries. Last year he quit the Center Social Democrats when half its Assembly members voted to support the Socialists. Sorely in need of his leadership, the party later welcomed him back as its chief.

Besides fighting with his leftist opponents, Sá Carneiro has defied the conventions of the Catholic Church, to which 90% of Portugal's population belong. While still married to a Portuguese wife, with whom he has had five children, he lives openly in Lisbon with Snu Bonnier Abecassis, 38, a Swedish publishing executive who is herself married. Nonetheless, Portugal's bishops backed his cam-

paign, urging Catholics to "vote correctly," meaning for the Democratic Alliance, on Election Day.

As Premier, Sá Carneiro's initial strategy will be to consolidate the Alliance's narrow base in the Assembly and promote private investment in order to obtain a stronger majority in the 1980 elections. If the Democratic Alliance does well then, he would move to repeal the excesses of the revolution, chiefly by rolling back the collectivization of farms (a prime reason Portugal now imports 50% of its food) and curbing nationalized industries. In the meantime, says Sá Carneiro: "We will let the system function. Everybody, including us, will be very cautious because of the coming elections." With reason. If the conservatives fail, the voters might be inclined to turn to the one political group that has not yet had a chance to rule: the Communists.

IRELAND

Turning "Green"

A republican in Dublin

On his trip to the U.S. this fall, Ireland's Prime Minister Jack Lynch sounded like a crusader. He denounced American supporters of the Irish Republican Army and castigated "evil men of violence" for prolonging the bloodshed in the North. As it turned out, that was Lynch's valedictory. Last week, in a surprise move, he abruptly resigned after 13 years as leader of the Fianna Fáil Party and a total of nine years as Prime Minister. His successor: Health and Social Welfare Minister Charles Haughey, 54, a wealthy accountant with pronounced republican sympathies.

Haughey and Lynch have long disliked each other, and Haughey's selection was a clear defeat for his predecessor. A 22-year party veteran who has held four major Cabinet posts, Haughey (pronounced Hah-he) won with the votes of Fianna Fáil M.P.s from the traditionally republican counties in the West and on the Ulster border. His wife Maureen's father was Seán Lemass, a veteran of the 1916 Easter Rising and a former Prime Minister. Haughey's climb to party leadership was interrupted in 1970 when he was tried, and acquitted, in a Dublin court on charges of running guns to the I.R.A. Lynch promptly sacked him as Finance Minister. Though he rejoined the Cabinet after Lynch's 1977 re-election, the gun-running charges are not entirely forgotten. "My God," groaned a British Cabinet minister at the news of Haughey's election, "this will make things ten times more difficult."

Indeed, one of the reasons for Lynch's resignation was his willingness after the Mountbatten assassination to cooperate with the British in efforts to assist the cause of peace. He allowed some cooperation between Irish and British security forces, including an agreement that permitted British helicopters to fly into a

small area of Irish airspace in search of terrorists. He treated the Fianna Fáil aim of political unity for all of Ireland as a distant ideal rather than an immediate goal. To some party members, that was heresy.

Lynch had been expected to resign, but not quite so soon. He wanted to give his successor time to prepare for the next election. However, last week a Fianna Fáil member raised a question in Parliament about the party's defeat in two November by-elections in Lynch's native County Cork. That was the second humiliation this year: in June, Fianna Fáil was trounced in an election of delegates to the European Parliament. These reversals came on top of a number of economic woes that also undermined Lynch: high inflation (14%), soaring interest rates (up to 20%) and a plague of strikes.

As Health and Welfare Minister since 1977, Haughey did not publicly oppose Lynch's moderate policies. But the affable politician, a deputy from a Dublin constituency, took care to make friends in the republican counties whose deputies backed him last week.

In a post-election press conference, Haughey tried to sound like both peacemaker and patriot. "I'm tinged with green, all right," he conceded, but added firmly: "I condemn the provisional I.R.A. and all their activities." Yet his stance on Ulster's future was clearly hawkish: reunification "is my primary political priority." On cooperating with the British, Haughey said that Ireland's own forces are "totally capable of dealing with security matters." He dismissed as "inadequate" Britain's latest proposals to end the Ulster violence, including an all-party conference of Catholic and Protestant leaders. Small wonder that the news from Dublin left London fearful that "more difficult" times in Ulster lay ahead.



Fianna Fáil victor Charles Haughey

Playing both peacemaker and patriot.

World

ISRAEL

A Triumph for Common Sense

The mayor's release helps Begin get off the hook

"In fire and spirit we redeem you, O Bassam!" shouted the jubilant townspeople of Nablus. Under a shower of rose petals, Bassam Shaka'a, 48, freed from prison and reinstated as mayor of the largest town in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, was hoisted on the shoulders of his Palestinian supporters and carried past garlands of flowers and olive branches into the town hall to greet his family. Smiling broadly, the mayor thanked his constituents for the hero's welcome. "I owe you my freedom, and from now on I am yours," he told them. "Victory to the fedayeen!" the crowd responded, raising their hands in the V sign of victory.

That triumphant homecoming last week followed swiftly on a dramatic policy reversal by the Israeli government. Jerusalem had suddenly released the popular mayor from prison and rescinded the expulsion order imposed on him for allegedly having spoken out in support of Palestinian terrorism. It was a dramatic finale to an embarrassing episode that had drawn wide international criticism of Israel and confused the Middle East peace process with Egypt. The *Jerusalem Post* hailed the freeing of Shaka'a as "a triumph for common sense."

The mayor had been arrested four weeks ago, following the leak of a private conversation between Shaka'a and General Danny Matt, Israeli military administrator of the occupied territories. Despite the mayor's denials that he had expressed any approval of Palestinian terrorist acts, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman ordered him deported to Jordan; the Cabinet unanimously affirmed the decree.

Shaka'a embarked on a 14-day hunger strike, during which he was to lose 26

pounds. Other mayors in the Gaza Strip and West Bank staged an angry protest demonstration and then resigned en masse. In a letter to Premier Menachem Begin, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance bluntly urged reconsideration of the deportation order. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat publicly complained that "such measures do not contribute to the creation of an atmosphere of confidence" for the slow-burning negotiations on Palestinian autonomy.

A three-member tribunal appointed by Brigadier General Binyamin Ben-Eliezer, Israeli military commander for the West Bank, then reviewed the case; last week it was announced that Shaka'a's deportation order had been annulled. Among the "many considerations" involved in the turnaround, General Ben-Eliezer explained, were "the welfare of the city of Nablus and the welfare of Mr. Shaka'a's family." He might have added that the well-being of Begin's embattled government had also been a factor. In fact, nobody seemed happier with Ben-Eliezer's decision than the Premier. With obvious relish, he announced that he would meet Sadat at a summit at Aswan on New Year's Day. The Premier's confidence, shaken ever since the resignation of Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan last October, seemed restored and appeared to give him a new vigor with which he went on to defuse two other political crises.

One was the determination of the ultra-nationalist *Gush Emunim* group of settlers to defy a Supreme Court order that had declared its West Bank settlement at Elon Moreh illegal. Begin had grown dependent over the problem because he feared that if troops were ordered to evict

the settlers forcibly, the clash might even lead to civil war in Israel. Last week, however, Begin offered the *Gush Emunim* an alternate site five miles away and finally persuaded the group to relent and evacuate Elon Moreh peaceably by the end of the year.

Begin managed to defer, if not resolve, his other crisis with a calculated political gamble. At issue is a quarrel within his own shaky Likud coalition over proposed changes in Israel's liberal abortion law; the Orthodox religious Agudat Israel Party wants tougher legislation. Faced with Agudat's threat to pull out of the coalition, which would reduce his parliamentary majority to a single vote in the 120-member Knesset, Begin scheduled a vote of confidence on the abortion issue for next week. If he loses, Begin will have to resign and call an election. But he is gambling that pro-abortion defectors from his coalition will come back to the fold when the fate of the government is on the line. As Begin mused last week: "Wouldn't it be ironic if the government that brought peace with Egypt should fall over an issue like abortion?"

Begin appeared to be taking another gamble with an economic austerity program launched by Finance Minister Yigael Hurvitz. In an attempt to curtail Israel's 100% inflation, Hurvitz has ruthlessly eliminated subsidies on basic foodstuffs, frozen state development programs until 1981, and proposed to slash \$200 million from the sacrosanct Israeli defense budget. The Finance Minister also wiped out 10% of the government's limousine fleet and pledged an all-out battle against upper-income tax evasion. Although there were protest marches in Israel's major cities after the subsidy cuts were announced, Begin is hoping that the attack on the rich will placate the lower-income Israelis, who form the government's main base of support.



Arabs of Nablus hoist Mayor Shaka'a aloft after his release



Israeli workers in Tel Aviv protest against austerity program

The dramatic finale to an embarrassing episode that had drawn wide international criticism and confused the peace process.

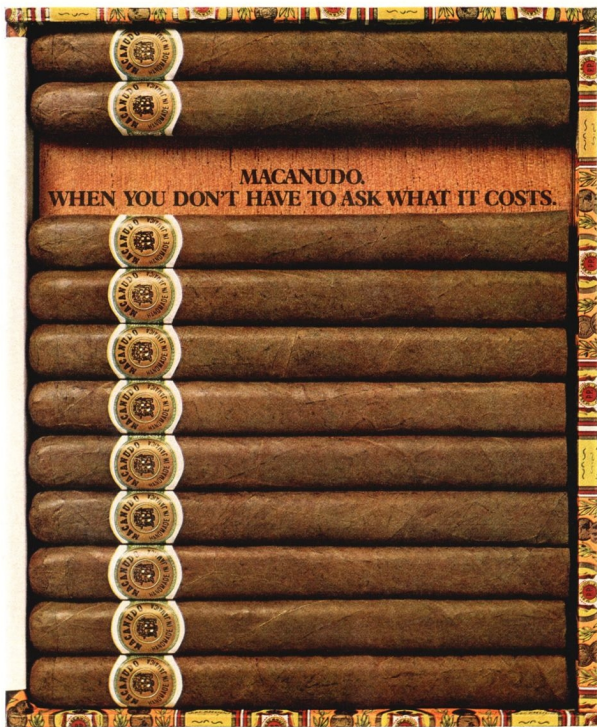
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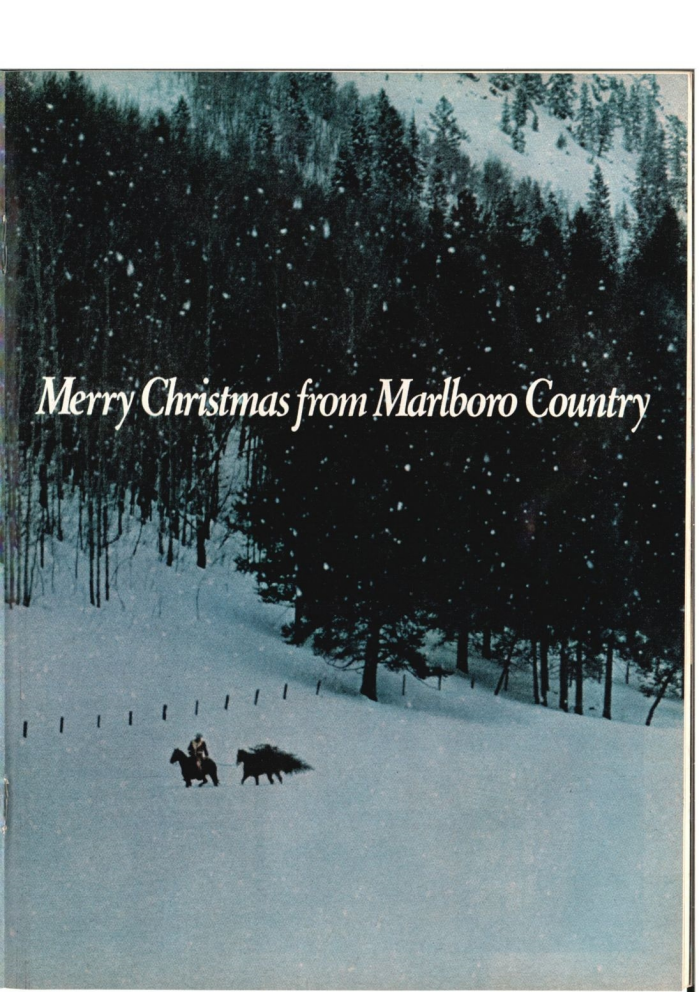
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World

CHINA

End of the Wall

Farewell to free expression

Since late last year, "democracy wall," along Peking's broad Chang An Avenue, represented a unique and hopeful experiment in China's tightly controlled society. It was a place where everyone from political critics to whimsical poets could paste up wall posters, which are protected by China's 1978 constitution. Thousands of people sometimes came to the wall to read the patchwork quilt of personal grievances, sharply worded essays demanding more freedom, and short stories and poems. Last week the Municipal Revolutionary Committee of Peking, clearly acting at the direction of the Chinese Communist Party, issued a strict prohibition of all posters at the original site of democracy wall, thus effectively ending China's longest flirtation with free expression.

In theory, democracy wall was not closed down; it was merely moved elsewhere. Posters will still be allowed at a newly designated "wall for free expression," in the small Yuetan (Moon Altar) Park in western Peking. From now on, all authors will be required to register their names, pseudonyms, addresses and places of employment at a special office to be set up in the park. The new regulations also state that writers "will be held responsible for the political and legal implications" of their posters—meaning that they will be punished if their writings attack socialism or China's leaders too harshly.

The principal reason for banning democracy wall, according to one Chinese official, was that some people were using it to "peddle counterrevolution in the guise of democracy and freedom." He added that all schools, factories and government offices have places where "anyone can present opinions and demands." China's official press attacked unnamed foreigners who had used the wall for the "ulterior motive" of collecting secret information harmful to China.

In fact, the real reason for the wall's demise was Peking's concern that unhindered free expression could lead to a snowballing of discontent against the regime. Earlier efforts to curb dissent—such as the arrest last spring of nearly 30 human rights activists—had only a temporary effect, as critical posters began to proliferate again during the summer. China's leaders have been reluctant to take overtly harsh measures against poster writing, having praised it as a "good thing" late last year. By removing democracy's centerpiece to a less conspicuous and more controlled location, they apparently hope to cow China's tiny human rights movement into quiescence—without banning poster writing entirely. ■



Soldiers mingling with citizens of Wittenberg before departure of "train of hope"

EAST-WEST

Maneuverings over Missiles

Show business time for the Soviets, decision time for NATO

One banner cheered THANK YOU, SOVIET SOLDIERS. Another frostily declared FROM THE NATO STATES WE DEMAND NEGOTIATIONS INSTEAD OF ROCKETS. As bands played at the railroad station in the garrison town of Wittenberg, 1,000 local citizens, plus Western newsmen bused in for the occasion, gathered to witness the latest episode in the propaganda blitz that Moscow is waging against the Western nations' plan to strengthen their nuclear forces in Europe. With fanfare, the Soviets began carrying out an unexpected pledge made by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in October to withdraw some forces from East Germany.

For all the hoopla, however, newsmen saw only about 30 tanks and 150 troops aboard the "train of hope and good will" at Wittenberg. Though the Soviets have promised to withdraw 1,000 tanks and "up to" 20,000 soldiers over the next year, that action will not significantly reduce their East German force, which includes 6,700 tanks and 365,000 troops. Moreover, the outfit involved in last week's withdrawal, the Sixth Guards Tank Division, is rated by the Pentagon as the least capable of all the Soviet units in the Warsaw Pact countries. Essentially, say U.S. analysts, the much ballyhooed pullout is "strictly show business."

The show was carefully timed. This week the foreign and defense ministers of the 15 NATO countries are due to gather in Brussels to adopt formally a U.S. proposal to begin deploying 572 new intermediate-range nuclear weapons, including Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles, in Western Europe by

1983. These missiles, unlike those now in the NATO inventory, can hit targets within the U.S.S.R.; they are intended to counterbalance the SS-20 missiles and Backfire bombers the Soviets have positioned against NATO in the past two years.

The Soviet campaign against the nuclear-force improvement got a lift last week. The Dutch parliament adopted a motion forbidding Premier Andries van Agt's government to approve the NATO plan. Joined by top officials from Norway and Denmark, which also have misgivings, Van Agt flew to Washington. He sought a delay in the NATO decision and a U.S. commitment to negotiate with the Warsaw Pact countries on reduction of nuclear arms in Europe. American officials gave assurances that the U.S. wanted to discuss a cutback of nuclear missiles with the Soviets, but insisted that the NATO partners should approve the missile-modernization plan on schedule.

Moscow's anti-missile drive has gone nowhere in West Germany. In West Berlin last week at the convention of his Socialist Democratic Party, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt said that the Soviet troop withdrawal was "welcome" but firmly reiterated his support of the NATO plan. At week's end the Soviets warned that mere approval of the missile modernization by NATO would kill any chance of talks on trimming nuclear forces in Europe. But the Warsaw Pact foreign ministers wound up a meeting in East Berlin on a more conciliatory, and realistic, note: their communiqué suggested that such talks might proceed no matter what was decided in Brussels. ■

World

SOUTH AFRICA

Strike Tactic

Walkouts vs. apartheid

For the fifth time in two weeks, the black trainee had failed to show up at his job at the Ford Motor Co. plant near South Africa's industrial capital of Port Elizabeth. He had asked for two hours off to answer a summons from the police, but failed to return to work. When a white foreman cautioned Thozamile Botha, 30, an intense former schoolteacher turned black activist who had worked for Ford for less than twelve months, to improve his attendance, Botha snapped, "Why don't you fire me?" He then stalked angrily out of the plant.

That incident last month provoked a strike by 700 skilled black workers at two Ford plants that produce engines and assemble cars. They were soon joined by 800 other black employees of nearby paper and tire factories. The walkout, which continues, stems from no ordinary labor-management dispute. Ford, whose 5,000 employees in South Africa include 1,200 blacks, has been a leader in introducing nondiscriminatory policies like those prescribed in the corporate code of conduct drawn up by U.S. Civil Rights Leader Leon Sullivan. Ford was among the first



Walkout Leader Thozamile Botha

A struggle over the "black elite."

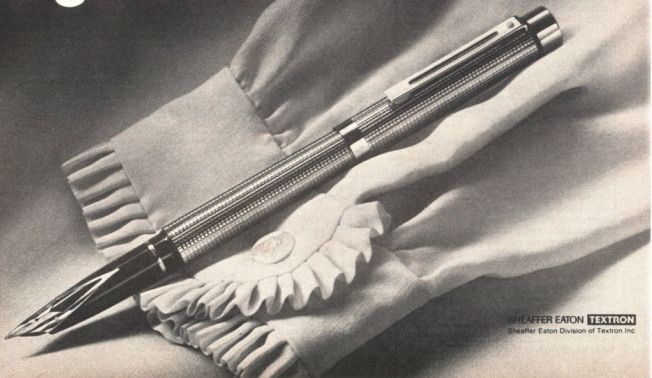
firms to recognize black unions. Black anti-apartheid organizers have warned that the strike is the first shot in a new offensive against the white-ruled state. The target: multinational firms that do business in the country. The aim: to undermine Prime Minister P.W. Botha's strategy for winning the allegiance of the "black elite" of relatively highly paid

skilled workers by giving them a greater share of South Africa's prosperity.

The Prime Minister has announced proposals for sweeping reforms of the racial-classification laws known as petty apartheid. Besides authorizing companies to negotiate with black unions, Botha has proposed the "improvement" of statutes that forbid interracial sex and marriage and make certain public facilities off limits to blacks. While these contemplated steps have won the applause of business leaders, they have not done much as yet to satisfy the 20 million blacks. There has been no change in the white minority government's long-range plan of dividing South Africa into a "constellation" of nominally independent states, in which blacks have the appearance of autonomy but whites continue to hold most of the real power and the wealth.

Instead of concentrating their organizing efforts on black academics, intellectuals or the young, as they have in the past, the leaders of black activist groups in Port Elizabeth and Soweto, the black township outside Johannesburg, are now focusing on factory workers. Because black labor is essential to South Africa's economy, strikes by blacks constitute a potentially powerful weapon. Though Thozamile Botha, who heads the Port Elizabeth Black Civic Organization (PEBCO), concedes

It goes as well with silk as



SHAEFFER EATON **TEXTRON**
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that Ford is perhaps the "best" employer of blacks in the country, he has been prodding its management to respond to a long list of demands. He has attacked Ford's sponsorship of an all-white rugby team and special privileges that start new white employees at the top of the pay scale for a given job while blacks start at the bottom. Botha has also complained to Ford's management about black political disenfranchisement, over which the company has no control.

Before the strike, Ford responded warily to Botha's provocations, and kept him on the payroll despite his repeated absences. Since the walkout, the company has said it will rehire any of the strikers who want to return. Only a minority, however, have gone back to their jobs. Last week police raided the homes of strikers; 19 of them were placed in detention. Meanwhile, other firms are bracing for trouble. Says a director of a leading U.S. manufacturer: "We could definitely be a helpless target for these protests. South Africa is going to have to satisfy the aspirations of these people, or they are just going to come through the fences."

Yet if he moves to appease black workers, Prime Minister Botha risks the wrath of Afrikaner hard-liners, who abhor his apartheid reforms. Soon after Thozamile Botha's walkout, white union members held an angry meeting that led to an outburst of racial slurs; blacks were accused of "fouling" integrated toilets and

making insulting remarks about white women. If the government cracks down hard on the protesters, as it did to quell the rioting in Soweto in 1976, it might spark more unrest. Predicts Fred Ferreira, Ford's industrial relations manager: "Inactivity is not going to solve this problem. Whether we get a black or a white backlash is simply a matter of time." ■

ESPIONAGE

High Crime

An Alpine spook

For seven days last November, 32,000 Austrian soldiers slogged through a muddy stretch of the Danube River valley in what was billed as the country's biggest military exercise since World War II. Though the Austrians invited observers from all the East bloc countries to watch the maneuvers, they were not pleased with the interest shown by a middle-aged man who turned up around the barracks in the small town of St. Pölten. He wore high rubber boots, and carried the classic impedimenta of espionage: a camera, binoculars, maps and a notebook.

For days, police shadowed the man as he moved around in a rented car. Sometimes he would boldly venture into a com-

mand post to ask directions; evenings he would invariably down a glass of wine before retiring to a local hotel. Finally, the police grabbed him.

Their quarry was Kurt Schilling, 57, a Swiss business consultant working, he insisted, in "the interests of Swiss defense." At first the Austrians laughed; they thought he was an East bloc spy. Then Swiss officials discovered that Schilling had indeed been dispatched on an information-gathering mission, albeit unauthorized, by one Colonel Albert Bachmann, a defense department intelligence officer. Reflecting the surprise shared by Austrians at the revelation that a freelance spook from their equally neutral neighbor had been snooping on them, the Vienna daily *Die Presse* dubbed Schilling

"the spy who came in from the Emmentaler," the best-known Swiss cheese.

Bachmann dreamed up the assignment for Schilling, a military buff, on his own. The colonel, whose zeal was said by the Swiss to have been "a problem," said that Schilling was an apprentice agent whose prowess he wanted to test in an easy job. The Swiss suspended Bachmann from duty. As for Schilling, the

Austrians last week announced that he would be tried on espionage charges. The price he could pay for his spy tryst: three years in prison. ■



Schilling

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Medicine

Did Roosevelt Have Cancer?

Surgeon points to clues about F.D.R.'s last years

Little strokes, a heart attack, cancer. Rumors of these illnesses—and worries about how they would affect his fitness for office—hovered around Franklin Delano Roosevelt as early as 1936. By 1944, when he was 62 and running for an unprecedented fourth term as President, the rumors had become persistent. Vice Admiral Ross McIntire, Roosevelt's personal physician, insisted during the campaign that the President was in "excellent condition for a man of his age." But on April 12, 1945, less than three months after his fourth Inauguration, F.D.R. died.

audience that Dr. Frank Lahey, founder of Boston's famed Lahey Clinic, had confided to him that he had seen Roosevelt in early 1944 as a consultant and discovered that the President had a spreading tumor. Lahey had so informed Roosevelt, advising him not to run for re-election because he would not live out his term.

Though both Lahey and Pack have since died, Goldsmith believes that there is some corroborating visual evidence in photographs of F.D.R. taken over the years. By about 1932, he says, a small pigmented lesion had appeared above Roo-

Center, conceded in a 1970 article that the nation had not been told the truth about F.D.R.'s health. The President suffered from severe high blood pressure, congestive heart failure and arteriosclerosis. But, he says, "Mr. Roosevelt did not have a cancer—of that there is no question." Bruenn believes that the abdominal pain was most probably caused by inflammation of the gall bladder—and possibly some gallstones—and the weight loss by the low-calorie, low-salt, low-fat diet ordered for F.D.R. to control his blood pressure and treat his gastrointestinal problems. He insists that Lahey never mentioned a diagnosis of cancer during consultations with him and that the President's medical charts carried no mention of any operation to remove a facial lesion.

Unfortunately, F.D.R.'s charts and other medical records are nowhere to be found. Bruenn recalls that upon returning from Warm Springs, Ga., after the President's death, he made final notations on the charts, which were kept in a safe at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. He never saw them again, and all efforts by Goldsmith to locate them have failed. Indeed, says Goldsmith, when he phoned the Naval Hospital for information, he received the reply: "We have no record of a Franklin D. Roosevelt." ■

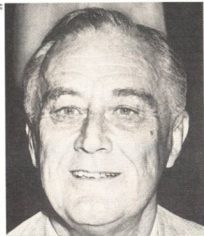
The Womb Tune

It puts babies to sleep

The price is \$40, but new parents may feel it is well worth it. For Rock-A-Bye-Bear is a Teddy bear that makes cranky infants drop right off to sleep. How? It is implanted with a device that plays the soothing sounds babies hear while still in the womb: the pulsing *thump* and *whoosh* made by blood coursing through their mothers' pelvic arteries.

The idea of using womb sounds to calm unruly newborns was first explored by the British and Japanese but did not hit the commercial big time until Entrepreneurs Bob Bissett and Marie Shields teamed with Fort Lauderdale Obstetrician William Eller in 1975. Eller selected as their recording artist a nonsmoking, well-nourished pregnant woman, waited until she began labor and then inserted a tiny microphone through her dilated cervix into her uterus.

The resulting recording was first played back in hospital nurseries. Says Virginia Purdy, nursery supervisor at Fort Lauderdale's Holy Cross Hospital: "It's the most boring sound you've ever heard. It drives the help crazy." But the help noticed that infants usually dozed off within 15 seconds after the womb sounds began. That led to Rock-A-Bye-Bear which, with sales of 25,000 so far, may well be the sleeper of the year. ■



Spot above left eye is evident in 1939 photo (left) but missing in 1944 shot

A suggestion that F.D.R. had terminal cancer, knew it, but ran for re-election in 1944.

Though no autopsy was performed (at Eleanor Roosevelt's request), there is little doubt that his death was caused by a massive cerebral hemorrhage. But speculation has continued about Roosevelt's health in the last years of his life; any serious illness could have affected his performance in office and led to what many believe were unwise concessions to Stalin at the momentous Yalta Conference. Now a doctor has raised anew the suggestion that Roosevelt had terminal cancer, knew it, but chose to run for re-election in 1944 anyway so that the country, engaged in the war effort, would not be disrupted by a change in leadership.

In a report published in the journal *Surgery, Gynecology & Obstetrics*, Dr. Harry Goldsmith, a surgeon at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Hanover, N.H., admits his theory is based on hearsay and circumstantial evidence. In 1963, while a resident at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in Manhattan, he attended a lecture by George Pack, a renowned cancer specialist. Pack told the

sevelt's left eye. In following years it seems to have enlarged and grown downward into the eyebrow. But after 1943 the lesion was gone. That leads Goldsmith to believe that the lesion was a sign of malignant melanoma—a form of skin cancer that can spread to other organs—and that it was surgically removed in 1943. He also suspects that when Lahey was called to the White House in March 1944, the physician found that the cancer had metastasized—perhaps to the gastrointestinal tract; several sources confirm that Roosevelt experienced abdominal pains. Cancer could also account for F.D.R.'s accompanying loss of appetite and weight. Further, it would explain why Roosevelt gave his son James funeral instructions shortly after his last Inaugural.

But Dr. Howard G. Bruenn, the Navy cardiologist who served as F.D.R.'s physician in the year before his death and signed the death certificate, vehemently denies that the President had cancer. Bruenn, now 74 and retired from Manhattan's Columbia Presbyterian Medical

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Cinema



Redford in *The Electric Horseman*: the ultimate Rhinestone Cowboy

Call of the Wild

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN Directed by Sydney Pollack
Screenplay by Robert Garland

His name is Sonny Steele. He is played by Robert Redford. He is the ultimate Rhinestone Cowboy, a five-time world's champion rodeo rider now reduced morally, if not economically, by having to hustle Ranch Breakfast, a conglomerate's cereal. He is frequently obliged to ride out into darkened stadiums wearing a suitful of colored lights while carrying a snootful of whisky in order to dull the pain of exploitation.

Her name is Hallie Martin. She is played by Jane Fonda. She is a TV newshen, very chic, and ambitious for a big story, though looking for it in an unlikely place, the conglomerate's annual meeting at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

The horse is Rising Star, played by Let's Merge. It is a great race horse now retired, not to stud but to serve as a corporate symbol with Sonny. The horse is not a boozier, but he is on tranquilizers and steroids to ease him through his form of celebrity life. When Sonny's outrage at what is being done to Rising Star burns through his cynical haze, he decides to kidnap the horse and return him to a wild state more suited to his nature.

Anyone can guess what happens to the film's three principals once Redford galvanizes himself. Boy gets horse. Girl gets story (and also ceases to be merely a peppy observer and becomes an impassioned participant in Sonny's adventure). The populace learns the truth about the evil capitalists and rallies to the side of the beleaguered rebels. Why, boy and girl even get each other, if briefly. It's a story as old as talkies—dating back to Frank Capra's populist comedies.

Yet rarely in recent years has this tale

been told in such an agreeably inventive way. The scene in which Sonny abducts Rising Star is a case in point. The cowboy simply hops aboard the animal and clippety-clops him straight down the runway of the industrial show in which they're both appearing, past the dancing girls, past the hysterical director, through the audience, past the slot machines in the lobby and on down the Las Vegas strip. The scene is an outrageous assault on probability, but in its unexpectedness, it is a delight. Fonda's pursuit of Redford and the authorities' pursuit of all three fugitives are full of similar surprises, includ-

ing a fine action sequence in which horse and rider twist and turn through town and countryside, eluding with skill and heart the mechanized klutzes who are after them. Here, too, there are improbabilities: an effete Thoroughbred flat racer could not really move like a cow pony or return him to nature as easily as this movie suggests. But even at the end there is a neat plot twist that distracts from taking the story too literally and gives the picture a strong finishing kick.

Still, the film probably works so well because of Redford. Oh, due credit to Fonda: here, in direct contrast to the development of a similar character in *The China Syndrome*, she moves from knowledgeable to vulnerability, and does it with the same winning grace. But Redford, making his first major appearance in almost four years, is in top form. He's a knothed, trying to disguise his essentially moral nature and his native shrewdness with a lot of good-ole-boy aw shucks-ing. There is tension, good observation and fine comic timing in his work.

It's obvious both stars saw this film as a vehicle to advocate causes they care about, but they are good-natured about it. Writer Garland and Director Pollack had the sense to give *Horseman* the tone of a pop fable; they stress entertainment over preachment. A romantic intensity that Fonda and Redford might have generated is lost as a result; there could have been more electricity between the electric horseman and his lady. And Willie Nelson, the great country singer, is wasted in his first acting role. Still, there is not a more cheerful or engaging movie around these days. One can't help coming out of it in smiling good temper, having spent a fine time with nice, but catchily eccentric people. —Richard Schickel



Let's Merge, Redford and Fonda take a break along the trail to freedom

A pop fable full of unexpected moments and agreeable eccentrics.



An air-tram station in San Francisco, circa 2300, as visualized by the designers and special-effects men of *Star Trek*

Warp Speed to Nowhere

STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE

Directed by Robert Wise; Screenplay by Harold Livingston

I used to be that special effects were created to serve a movie's story, to permit the camera to capture that which could not be found—or recorded on film—in the natural world. But now, in the post-*Star Wars* era, stories are created merely to provide a feeble excuse for the effects. *Star Trek* consists almost entirely of this kind of material: shot after shot of vehicles sailing through the firmament to the tune of music intended to awe. But the spaceships take an unconscionable amount of time to get anywhere, and nothing of dramatic or human interest happens along the way. Once the ships reach their destination, they do not encounter the kind of boldly characterized antagonists that made *Star Wars* such fun. In fact, they do not meet any human or humanoid antagonists at all. There isn't even a battle scene at the climax.

Instead there is a lot of talk. Much of it in impenetrable spacelift jargon. Scanners, deflectors, warp speed, linguacode—words like that are always being barked into the intercom. But it is never to the point: it is hard to decipher where the starship *Enterprise* stands vis-à-vis the mysterious intruder from outer space. When the crew are not jabbering in technocratese, they are into metaphysics, one of the characteristics of the old *Star Trek* television show and a major reason for its cult vogue among the half-educated.

It turns out that the villainous UFO is not manned. This is

very peculiar, since in the film's opening sequence it is full of weirdos. By the time the *Enterprise* closes in on it, the creatures have all disappeared, victims not of the story line but of what appears to be a shortage of either money or time. In a very fast shuffle, the film suddenly announces that the villain is not merely a Death Star, but "a great, living machine." When Ilia, the *Enterprise*'s navigator, is captured by the enemy and literally rewired to be its servant, she explains that the machine is seeking its creator and is terribly cross. The bad temper results from the fact that though the great machine thinks like a

whiz, it has no human emotions. And so the picture ends not with a bang but, as it were, a bang. One of the space cadets, who has had his eye on the original Ilia all along, agrees to mate with the improved model and produce a hybrid race of brainy but emotionally turned-on creatures. Just imagine how the effects guys get the colored lights whirling in order to preserve the G rating when that happens.

Some of the metaphorical questions that used to get raised by the *Enterprise*'s intergalactic encounters on the old TV show were at least a little more interesting than this stale intelligence-vs.-emotion debate. One suspects a sellout to the Me Generation's self-absorbed search for feelings. It's a wonder they didn't invite the great machine to join them for an Esalen weekend.

There is little point in discussing the performances. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and the rest of the old crowd are back on the bridge. They remember their moves from the old days, though Shatner's promotion to admiral has rendered him more than usually cranky. There is a certain tackiness to the *Enterprise*, which has been redesigned to fill a large screen. Even some of the costumes are ill-fitting, and the special effects do not reflect the current state of the art. *Star Trek* had a long, troubled production history. Called to the rescue, John Dykstra and Douglas Trumbull have been able to contribute only quite simple versions of the shots they did respectively, and more spectacularly, in *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. But, completed in haste, *Star Trek* is, finally, nothing but a long day's journey into ennui.

—R.S.



Enterprise Crewmates Nimoy and Shatner confront a space intruder
Technological jargon, metaphysical chat and spaced-out ennui.

Economy & Business

Carter Considers a Gas Tax

Despite some tough consequences, a promise of benefits at home and abroad

One of the most discouraging aspects of the Iranian crisis is how little it has moved the U.S. Government to counter the energy threat by taking dramatic action to conserve oil. Not only does the trauma in Tehran threaten at any moment to choke off deliveries of nearly 3 million bbl. of crude per day to an oil-thirsty world, but it increasingly jeopardizes petroleum supplies throughout the Middle East. U.S. Government officials calculate that a widespread upheaval in the Persian Gulf could quickly cut U.S. imports by 4 million bbl. per day, or more than 22% of total consumption. On another front, the 13-nation OPEC cartel, which has raised petroleum prices by some 1,600% since 1970, is preparing to lift prices yet again when it meets next week in Caracas. Meanwhile Congress continues to dither and quibble over President Carter's five-month-old energy package.

But there was a small glimmer of hope in Washington last week. Showing welcome signs of moving more directly and forcefully to curb energy use, the White House was considering a high federal excise tax on gasoline, perhaps as much as 50¢ per gal.

Gasoline consumption is the root cause of the nation's petro-woes, and any move to curtail it substantially would have broad and deep economic consequences. Though rising prices and the slowing

economy have cut gasoline use by 4.7% this year, the fuel still accounts for just under 40% of the 18 million bbl. of oil that the U.S. burns each day. The Administration estimates that an immediate 50¢ boost in the cost of gasoline, which now sells at an average for all grades of \$1.04 per gal., would cut consumption by 7%, the equivalent of about 500,000 bbl. of crude per day.

Though advocates of continued price controls often dispute the point, evidence proves that rising gasoline prices reduce consumption. Studies by Economist Alan Greenspan and others show that when prices go up 10%, gas sales drop from 2% per licensed driver. Argues Greenspan: "It is clear that a very large part of the driving public consciously or

unconsciously is quite sensitive to price."

A cut in consumption of the size that would result from a 50¢ per gal. tax would pay important dividends both domestically and internationally. In the U.S. it would amount to an immediate and forceful warning to all Americans that energy conservation is now a national imperative. Overseas it would help loosen the world market for petroleum, make it at least somewhat more difficult for OPEC to raise prices, reduce prices on the spot market and send a signal to the U.S.'s increasingly skeptical allies that the nation is exercising leadership to curb energy use. Even with a 50¢ tax, Americans would still have a comparatively easy ride; most Europeans, Japanese and other non-Americans pay \$2 or more for the fuel.

A big gasoline tax would be about the nation's strongest weapon, short of rationing. Under a timid law passed in October, rationing cannot be imposed until either Congress approves it or the President is able to declare that the nation faces an immediate threat of a 20% oil-supply shortfall. By that time waiting lines at service stations probably would reach to the horizon. Even then, Congress could overrule the President and block rationing.

Last week the Administration disclosed the details of its proposed emergency rationing plan. Each registered vehicle would be limited to a fixed number of gallons per week, and any driver who did not use his quota could sell his ration coupons on a "white market" for whatever the traffic would bear. Congress rejected a similar scheme last May, and adoption of almost any rationing plan is not expected before next autumn—unless Middle East oil is cut off.

Compounding the sense of drift, Energy Secretary Charles Duncan made public a confusing state-by-state conservation plan that calls for holding 1980 gasoline consumption to about 7 million bbl. per day, just about where economists expect it to be anyway. In an embarrassingly typical DOE bungle, the targets set for New York, New Jersey and Connecticut during the first three months of next year would allow drivers in those states to increase their auto usage.

Almost in desperation, the White House for the past month has been examining a consumption-cutting tax on gasoline. In late October, an Administration task force headed by Deputy Energy Secretary John Sawhill began looking at what the U.S. could do in event of a ma-

RUNAWAY PRICES

Oil costs per barrel

1970-78: Arabian light crude, yearly average
1979: average OPEC, for dates shown



Source: Petroleum Industry Research Foundation
TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

for supply interruption. From a list of 28 options, the task force came down to two: rationing or a gasoline tax.

In November, Carter instructed Budget Boss James McIntyre to draw up a detailed plan for a tax that might work. McIntyre's proposal was sent for consideration and amendment last week to the White House's economic policy group, which includes Treasury Secretary G. William Miller, Vice President Walter Mondale, Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultz, Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat and McIntyre.

The five-man group favored a high tax but could not agree on the particulars. So each member sent a separate proposal to Carter. The differences revolve around the size and timing of the tax and how to distribute the projected \$50 billion in revenues that it would collect. One popular idea is to rebate perhaps \$40 billion to workers and employers in the form of lowered Social Security and income tax levies. Another suggestion involves using some \$10 billion to help balance the fiscal 1981 federal budget.

Any tax proposal would face tough,

now is more than 50%. Among Detroit's Big Three, ailing Chrysler Corp. would fare the worst. Though 70% of its cars are compacts and downsized models, vs. 50% of Ford's and 30% of GM's, small vehicles are the least profitable, and the company would have to boost output sharply to remain competitive. That would be a difficult step for Chrysler to take. Not only is it experiencing bottlenecks but the company also would have trouble borrowing money to expand production.

Other automakers would be better off. The conversion to small models would bring forth a prolonged spurt in capital investment by the manufacturers and their suppliers for tools, dies, entire new plants. Eventually sales would surge because drivers would feel an increasing need to switch to gas-saving cars. As demand rose, particularly for the most economical vehicles, prices would rise up. Concludes Detroit Auto Analyst Arvid Jouppe: "We are awfully close to the \$10,000 small car."

More immediately, large segments of the nation would suffer from the decline in driving and in demand for cars. The old manufacturing centers of the Midwest

rents of apartments and values of houses close to city centers and public transit would climb.

In the event that gasoline prices were to increase sharply, growth in the economy as a whole would not necessarily slow, or unemployment rise, if the proceeds of the tax were recycled to consumers, as the various Administration proposals recommend. But the impact on consumer prices would be severe. A full 2.4 points of the nation's current 13.1% inflation rate is traceable directly to increases in gasoline prices this year. Tacking another 50¢ a gal. onto fuel costs by most estimates would add three or four points more to the consumer price index next year.

Though nobody likes rationing or higher taxes, the economy is destined to suffer even worse reverses if Congress fails to act. OPEC's prices are all but certain to keep climbing in 1980, draining wealth out of the U.S. economy and into the bank accounts of foreign oil exporters. The price rise will help slow the consumption of gasoline still further, of course, but the inflationary impact will



Stand-by rationing coupons printed soon after the 1973 oil embargo. In the current plan people could sell coupons on a legal "white market"

But even with a 20% shortfall in oil supply, Congress could block the President from acting to put the program into effect.

almost insurmountable opposition in Congress, which considers a new tax as a ploy in an election year. Typical of what special-interest groups will tell their Congressmen is the observation of a Southern California Auto Club spokesman: "The tax is just a scam to increase Government revenues and the federal bureaucracy at the expense of good-hearted people across the country."

Even as Carter was telling 100 Congressmen at a White House buffet dinner last week that the idea of a stiff gasoline tax "is looking better and better," legislators were beginning to snipe at the idea. Said powerful Democratic Congressman Charles Vanik of Ohio: "Are you crazy? Fifty cents is out of the ballpark!"

Whether by taxation or rationing, cutting back on gasoline would jolt an economy in which the jobs of one worker in seven somehow spin around the automotive industry. Millions of Americans not only build, sell and service cars but also supply the tires, windows and other parts, construct highways, drive trucks or otherwise deliver the goods.

Sales of cars would slide still farther. The biggest vehicles, which produce the fattest profits for manufacturers and dealers, would be the worst hurt. Small cars would increase their market share, which

and East—steelmaking Pittsburgh and Youngstown, tiremaking Akron, glassmaking Toledo, many others—rise or decline along with the fortunes of autos. St. Louis, Kansas City, Wilmington, Del., and dozens more cities are automaking centers. In the Far West (where public transit is grossly inadequate) and the Plains states (where communities are separated by long distances), people must drive or suffer immobility. Of course, they can and must do more car pooling. That is difficult for many: the suburbanite who works the night shift, the construction laborer who moves from site to site, the marginal farmer who drives to a supplemental job in town. But food production would not be set back; to run their equipment, farmers long ago shifted largely from gasoline to diesel fuel, and they are almost certain to be exempted from any tax increases or tight rationing.

Fast food chains such as McDonald's, Wendy's and Howard Johnson's would suffer. Restaurants near population centers would surge. So would air travel, as people flew on vacation instead of driving. That would boost sales of more fuel-efficient jets, and Boeing, Lockheed, McDonnell Douglas and other planemakers would benefit. But resorts in South Florida and New York's Catskills would be hit hard because most people go there by car. Roadside motels would suffer, but

quickly spread throughout the whole economy, since crude oil price increases affect not just automotive fuel but all petroleum products. Enacting a gasoline tax would not only slow consumption while providing less inflationary pain, but would also soften the impact on the economy of future cartel price increases because less foreign oil would be entering the U.S.

For too long Americans have blithely assumed that rivers of cheap energy would flow through that economy like a magic elixir in endless abundance. But as 1979 has vividly demonstrated, the nation takes extreme risks if it does not curb its addiction to demon crude.

For the long term, it is vital to move forward rapidly to develop every alternative energy source, from coal and shale to wind, waves and the sun. Meanwhile, conservation of existing supplies is indispensable, and politicians would do well to face the issue. Concludes Milton Lipson, president of the leading petroleum advisory firm of Walter J. Levy Consultants: "Despite the inevitable inequities of either steep taxes or rationing, there comes a time when you have to say, 'Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead.' I cannot think of a better time to ask the American people to accept either of those measures than during the current Iranian crisis. The political opportunity may never be better."

He created some of the world's most passionate music.

Yet he died whispering the name of a woman he had never met.

She was his patroness...his confessor...his "Beloved Friend" in an intimate 14-year correspondence. She was the inspiration for his most romantic works. And yet he shrank from meeting her even when she invited it, replying that one should never meet a guardian angel face to face.

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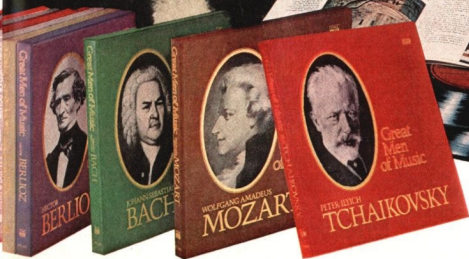
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Economy & Business

Here They Come Again

Conservation, cartel-style: less production, more profit

When the oil ministers of the world's least beloved cartel jet into Caracas next week for their final sock-it-to-'em meeting of the decade, there will be some important and worrisome differences from past gatherings. OPEC will be fixing prices against a backdrop of almost unprecedented global upset brought on in large part by its own actions. More than that, in its headlong rush for profits, the 13-nation cartel has been rapidly losing even the appearance of self-control over pricing and production.

As a result of OPEC's policies, worldwide inflation has been sent soaring to ever increasing heights. Meanwhile, global economic growth has stalled and the international financial system itself has been thrown into turmoil. In 1980, oil-im-

much by cutting production. Kuwait, Iraq, the United Arab Emirates, Algeria and Libya have all announced cutback plans for 1980, and others are likely to follow. Warns Gulf Oil Corp. President James Lee: "We estimate that OPEC could cut its exports by about 8 million bbl. per day, or nearly 25%, and still maintain balanced economies for its members." Reason: as the cartel sold less oil, the price for the diminished supply would automatically surge.

While OPEC becomes richer, the rest of the world will grow poorer. For example, suppose oil hits \$30 before the end of next year. Instead of a projected balance of payments surplus in 1980, the U.S. could wind up with a deficit of \$15 billion, further weakening the dollar.* Over-

WRIGHT—PROVIDENCE JOURNAL-BULLETIN



porting nations expect to hit what economic jargoners have labeled a "synchronized recession." Now no one can be sure how high the cartel will push oil prices beyond their present official maximum of \$23.50 per bbl., but demand for petroleum makes a substantial increase certain. Single shipments of crude are being sold on the spot market for as much as \$40 to \$45 per bbl. This shows just how much people are prepared to pay for oil in the pinch that has been created by the loss, for much of this year, of some 2 million bbl. of crude per day from Iran.

A further big rise in price would do shocking damage. For example, a jump to \$30 per bbl. would lift OPEC's total 1980 revenues to about \$300 billion, constituting a huge new international tax on economies everywhere.

More and more OPEC members are discovering that they can collect just as

all, the combined balance of payments deficit for all industrial nations would climb from this year's \$16 billion to perhaps as much as \$40 billion in 1980. Developing nations would be hurt worst, since many of them have no exports of real value to count on at all. Their debts, which already total some \$300 billion, would swell by perhaps another \$60 billion, requiring poor nations to borrow yet more billions.

The outlook is clouded for OPEC itself, especially for the so-called dollar-surplus states of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Emirates and Qatar, which together hold more than \$90 billion in U.S. dollars and other U.S. financial assets that will continue to slip in value as the cartel's prices

*In 1979, the U.S. will spend some \$62 billion on imported oil, an average of \$800 per American household.

climb. These surplus states probably will not go along with any effort to dump the dollar as the currency of the world oil trade, a move that would undermine the value of the greenbacks they already hold. But Iran and Libya are urging OPEC to switch from dollars to a so-called basket of currencies, which presumably would include German marks, Swiss francs and other Western money, and a fight at next week's meeting seems likely. In the doubtful event that OPEC did take such a step, demand for those currencies would send their value soaring on money markets as the dollar plunged.

The days are gone when Saudi Arabia, by far the biggest producer with 30% of the cartel's output, was able to exert a moderating influence. More and



Yamani



Abdul-Karim



Said Utaiba

more cartel members, and even factions in the royal family itself, view the desert kingdom's traditional support for the U.S., and Washington's repeated pleas for maximum OPEC output at the lowest price, as ultimately damaging to the producing states. Anti-American rioting in Iran has made involvement with the U.S. seem even more unwise. Such oil ministers as Iraq's fiery Tayeb Abdul-Karim and the Emirates' Mani Said Utaiba argue that it is stupid to swap valuable and nonrenewable oil for increasingly inflated dollars that Washington might some day freeze anyway, as it has done in the case of Iran.

Saudi Arabia can no longer even hold down prices by threatening to flood the world market

with crude, a tactic that Petroleum Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani successfully employed as recently as late 1976. The key reason is that the Saudi fields are reaching maturity, and it would take years of work and billions of dollars in fresh investments to boost daily production of about 9.5 million bbl. by very much for any length of time.

A new power alignment seems likely to emerge in Caracas: a loose coalition among Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait, the Persian Gulf's three biggest Arab producers, which now dominate the Persian Gulf trade as Iran sinks deeper into internal chaos. Instead of moderate price increases, higher production and cooperation with Washington, the outlook for the cartel as a whole seems to be for substantially higher prices, tighter supplies and increasing disinterest in whatever the U.S. seeks.

Fallout from a Financial War

The cost of the confrontation may be high for U.S. banks

Low gutter language is seldom heard in the world of high finance, but a lot of strong oaths were echoing last week through the paneled offices of private bankers. Fearful that they might be trapped in the crossfire of the U.S.-Iranian economic war, many European money men were distressed at the haste with which U.S. banks have declared Iranian loans in default and have seized Tehran's overseas assets. Complained an angry Luxembourg banker: "Third parties are being unnecessarily drawn into the conflict. The Americans are displaying Wild West manners and throwing clubs that will boomerang." Counter-charged a U.S. banker in London: "The Europeans have no guts. The dollar is one of the few weapons we have and, believe me, we intend to use it."

That weapon was being battered last week. In hectic trading, the dollar plunged before recovering slightly. Gold, the traditional shelter in troubled times, rose to a record close of \$434 per oz. in London, up \$52 in five weeks. Traders worried mostly about the volatility of the Iranian confrontation, and they were also troubled by rising oil prices and the slight softening of U.S. interest rates.

Many European and U.S. bankers have been at odds since mid-November. It was then that Chase Manhattan and six other large U.S. banks in an eleven-member syndicate used their voting majority to declare a \$500 million loan to Iran in default. That raised fears of still further defaults and sparked the rush to seize Iranian assets as compensation.

Pressure is mounting on Chase in Europe to reconsider and reverse the default. One reason: the bank apparently did not tell its European partners that Iran had asked for a transfer of its funds to pay the interest on the loan, but that this payment had been blocked by President Carter's freeze on Iranian assets one day before it was due. Some Europeans now charge that the U.S. banks are acting as mercenary scouts of the Carter Administration in its campaign against Iran and that they have stopped playing the banking game under the gentlemanly rules of prior consultation.

West German bankers have been particularly angry. Morgan Guaranty, one of Chase's U.S. partners in the defaulted \$500 million loan, went into a German court and attached Iran's 25% investment in two big German companies, Friedrich Krupp and Deutsche Babcock. Last Tuesday, a day after a terrorist bomb exploded outside the bank's Frankfurt office, Morgan obtained a second court lien on the same assets to cover yet a further Iranian debt. The German bankers had thought they would have first call on these



Hectic currency traders in Frankfurt

Angry oaths during asset-grabbing spree.

assets if Iran failed to pay some of its German loans.

The court battles were fought everywhere, by all sides. In Paris, Iran's Bank Markazi sued the French subsidiary of Citibank to release \$50 million in deposits frozen since Carter's order. In London, Bank Markazi sued for the release of \$1.8 billion on deposit with the Bank of America there.

It also became known that the assets seizures began earlier than many had supposed. Several weeks ago, a French court had quietly frozen Iran's \$1 billion stake

in Eurodif, the large multinational uranium enrichment project in Western Europe, after Iranian leaders failed to meet routine payments. The move served notice on Iran's new leaders that no foreign investments were safe from seizure.

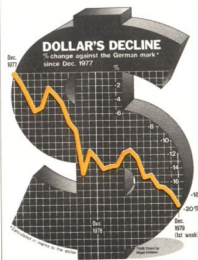
In Britain, Chemical Bank, part of the same \$500 million Chase consortium, was granted a court injunction preventing some \$500 million of Iranian assets from being taken out of the country. Additionally, Citibank filed a lawsuit in London naming both the governments of Iran and the U.S. as defendants. This was designed to force the British courts to rule on the sensitive political question of whether a U.S. President has authority to freeze the assets of a foreign customer held in an overseas branch of a U.S. bank.

This suit has focused attention on the possible conflict between the President's order and local European laws. Partly because of the suit, a high-level U.S. delegation led by Deputy Treasury Secretary Robert Carswell and Under Secretary of State Richard Cooper traveled through European capitals last week to explain Washington's position. These consultations are part of the U.S. strategy to try tightening the economic screws on Iran.

There were reports that the team explored the possibility of European nations joining in Rhodesia-like sanctions, including an assets freeze and a food supply cutoff, to force the release of the diplomatic hostages. While many European governments sympathize with the U.S., they were remaining as neutral as possible. Worried about their own embassies in Iran and their own oil supplies, some governments have instructed their nation's banks not to start default actions on Iranian loans and not to participate in seizing assets.

The tensions among bankers are bound to affect their future behavior. Said a West German bank chief: "People are nervous and concerned, and the crucial confidence factor has been sorely shaken." A number of big European bankers may be reluctant to join lending syndicates controlled by any one national group. Other bankers are either turning off their money taps or becoming much more selective in their lending until calm returns. As always, the first victims will be the poor nations, which will find it harder to borrow at a time when they need more money to pay for oil.

Arab oilmen are also distressed. Rightly or wrongly, they fear that what the U.S. did to Iran today it could, if politics warranted, do tomorrow to any OPEC producer. Some may gradually switch their funds away from the dollar, accelerating the currency's slide. Others will try to divert their cash away from U.S. banks, which then would lose some petrodollar business to European and Japanese competitors. When a truce is called in the economic war, the U.S. may find that the price of battle was high.



Getting Getty

For the poor, help with heat

Now that they are comfortable with their roles as corporate Medicis, sponsoring museum exhibitions and importing culture from the BBC for educational television, the oil companies appear to be going into social welfare programs. When Getty Oil last week signed a consent decree with the Department of Energy, which had accused the company of violating federal price regulations on crude oil, natural gas liquids and refined products, the \$75 million settlement included a novel provision. Getty agreed to pay one third, or \$25 million, into an escrow account to be administered by the DOE to "provide relief to economically disadvantaged people in meeting their energy expenses for this winter." These funds will supplement the \$1.35 billion in Government grants that Congress has appropriated to help the poor pay their heating bills.

The DOE fund may soon be swollen like a Christmas stocking with more cash.



Bloom

In the past 22 months, Paul Bloom, 40, the DOE's special counsel, has brought 150 enforcement actions totaling \$7.2 billion in claims against 35 large oil companies for violating the complex, controversial federal price regulations. So far the DOE has won consent decree settlements amounting to \$660 million from Kerr-McGee, Cities Service, Phillips, Gulf, Mobil and other companies. They agreed to settle by posting lower future price increases than the maximum allowed under Government regulations. Getty also chose this method for the remaining \$50 million of the consent decree. Now the pipeline is so loaded with pending claims cases that Government lawyers are requiring the companies to stand in line to negotiate settlements.

The DOE's Office of Special Counsel for Compliance, which has more than 400 auditors and 200 lawyers, was set up nearly two years ago to uncover profiteering. Because past efforts failed to uncover offenders, the DOE turned for advice to a sister agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission. Bloom had the power to negotiate settlements, and he modeled them after the SEC's consent decrees. Companies that sign them with the DOE neither admit nor deny wrongdoing, but agree to stop what they have been doing and make a financial settlement.

Though some of its oil competitors criticized Getty for giving in too easily, President Sidney Petersen signed the consent decree at least partly to avoid long litigation and a public relations black eye. Still hanging over the company are more DOE claims of at least \$160 million for other alleged instances of overpricing oil and

natural gas. This time Getty appears ready to go to court because executives are convinced they can prove to a judge that DOE is engaged in retroactive rule making.

In their defense, the oil companies also complain that DOE pricing regulations are contradictory and confusing. Oil executives would love to see some company take the DOE to the mat and win in an all-out legal battle. So far Bloom has brought five cases to the Office of Hearings and Appeals, a Government judicial body, and has won four. But in an unrelated case where feisty Mobil was seeking an exemption from pricing regulations, courts ruled that

DOE had improperly refused to let the oil giant include \$138 million in costs in its petroleum coke prices. After that decision, Mobil could not resist chiding DOE officials for being "strangely silent" when "the courts tell them they are wrong." ■



Boeing Bonanza

TWA "buys American"

On Thanksgiving Day in London, officers of Trans World Airlines and Europe's Airbus Industrie smiled, banttered and made a handshake deal. TWA, the last of the major U.S. lines to order an intermediate-range jet fleet for the 1980s, indicated that it would choose the European-made Airbus A310. But then Boeing, the apparent loser, put its flaps up and accelerated. The Seattle company dispatched E.H. ("Tex") Boullouin, president of its commercial airplane operation, to TWA headquarters in Manhattan. Boullouin improved Boeing's terms and worked some blue-yonder magic.

Last week TWA got off the Airbus and decided instead to buy ten Boeing 767s at a cost of \$500 million, with an option for ten more. TWA had difficulty

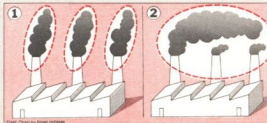
Building a Better Dust Trap

For industries gagging on stiff regulatory costs, a decision last week by the Environmental Protection Agency was a breath of fresh air. Rather than fixing stern limits on the air pollutants discharged by each and every smokestack or other source in a plant, the EPA will permit state authorities to set a total on the gunk that the entire plant can discharge. This is called the "bubble concept" because environmental regulators will treat a plant as if it were contained in a bubble and all its pollutants emerged from a single hole in that bubble. By any name, the policy will go far toward satisfying businessmen's common claim that they can control pollution more effectively and cheaply if regulators simply set overall standards and let the businessmen decide how to meet them.

Under the bubble plan, a company can cut a lot of pollution from sources that are easy and cheap to control, but let out more discharges from sources that are hard and costly to curb. Plants in the same neighborhood can form a bubble and make the accepted trades among themselves. However, a firm cannot trade off the emission of a relatively harmless pollutant for a carcinogenic or otherwise hazardous substance.

The steel, utility, and other pollution-heavy industries figure that they will save 10% to 35% of their compliance costs. Du Pont predicts that the bubble policy will reduce annual pollution-control expenses at its 52 largest plants from \$136 million to \$55 million. Big companies have estimated that environmental control accounts for 77% of their federal regulatory costs.

Thus the policy stands to free up much investment money for new plants, improved productivity and more jobs. Regulators and businessmen agree that giving managers more freedom of choice will motivate them to develop more efficient, economical methods of fighting pollution. Example: the old regulations required Armco to install about \$15 million worth of pollution-control equipment at its steel plant in Middletown, Ohio. Under a pilot project for the bubble plan, the company chose instead to spend \$4 million to pave parking lots, seed other areas and put in sprinklers that will suppress iron oxide dust. These measures are expected to remove six times as much pollution as the costlier gear would have done.



1 The old regulations set separate, rigid emission limits for each of a plant's stacks or other sources of pollution.

2 The new policy allows the company to determine how much it will emit from each source, as long as the total dispersed from all sources does not exceed the permitted amount.

Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Ideas from a Matchmaker

choosing between the 767 and the A310 because the planes are so much alike: both are snub-nosed, wide-bodied, twin-engined, fuel-efficient craft. But the Boeing seats seven passengers abreast and the Airbus eight. The TWA order for 767s will probably grow to 40 or 45 by 1987. Total cost: \$2 billion. Coming on top of orders from United, American and Delta, the TWA deal further assures Boeing's world supremacy in commercial plane manufacturing.

In fact, the aerospace industry is the U.S.'s second largest exporter (after agriculture), and sales of commercial jets and spare parts make up \$5 billion of the industry's \$9 billion contribution to the U.S. balance of payments. Until the mid-70s, U.S. planemakers had about 80% of the commercial market in the non-Communist world. But the technological success of the Anglo-French Concorde convinced Europeans that they could become powers in mass-transport aircraft competition. The Airbus consortium of West Germany, France, Britain, Spain, The Netherlands and Belgium rolled out the economical A300 and smaller, more advanced A310 models, and lately they have captured 40% of the commercial market.

Still, several factors tipped the balance in Boeing's favor. For TWA, Boeing increased the 767's seating capacity from 198 passengers to 203, the same as the Airbus; agreed to speed up delivery schedules; gave generous financial terms and new guarantees on fuel economy, performance and maintenance requirements. Says a senior TWA executive: "This was hardball playing all the way, and Boeing's offer simply got better and better. They were determined not to let this one get away."

The TWA order highlighted a recent trend: U.S. lines are continuing to buy American-made planes, while some big non-American carriers are starting to switch to the Airbus. Historically, Air France and Lufthansa bought Boeing but, although they continue to acquire 747s, neither line has ordered any of the new mid-range Boeings since the Airbus A310 was introduced. Among the reasons: Airbus is more fuel efficient than the 767 for trips under 500 miles and better suited to shorter European distances. Except for the planes that it sold to Eastern two years ago, Airbus has yet to crack the U.S. or Canadian market. The battleground is spreading to the Middle East and North Africa, but with an astonishing backlog of almost \$20 billion in orders, Boeing is still way ahead. ■

Mockup of new intermediate-range 767



He is so well known back home in Sweden that headline writers identify him by his initials alone: P.G. He has a small circle of close friends: professors, psychiatrists and other intellectuals; he relishes their barbs at business because they challenge him to "see the other side." He is married to a social worker, who looks like a Bergman beauty. He has written three books about society, industry, the future. He is a world-class sailor and plays a folk guitar. At 34, he became president of Sweden's largest insurance company. At 36, he rose to president of Scandinavia's biggest industrial combine, Volvo. Now, at 44, age is beginning to show, but he still is boyishly trim in his blue blazers or weekend jeans. In sum, Pehr Gyllenhammar has it all.

P.G. could spend the next 20 years just keeping his \$5 billion multinational growing in the tightening competitive auto market. He is busy now negotiating a deal with Renault to swap Swedish shares for French capital and front-wheel technology. But Gyllenhammar has a cause beyond cars. He is going through the



Pehr Gyllenhammar of Volvo

world and warning that the industrial nations have a growing problem: "the mismatch between people and jobs."

"Fewer and fewer people are related to jobs that they can identify with," says he. "They see no connection between what they do on the job and what comes out at the end." They spend their lives isolated behind typewriters and computer consoles. Gyllenhammar worries that company chiefs expect the industrial Indians to be machine-like. "If they die little by little every year, nobody cares very much." But millions of workers are becoming fed up, he believes, and the frustrations are rising equally in Europe, Japan and North America.

One group trying to figure out remedies is the Public Agenda Foundation, started a few years ago by Cyrus Vance and Opinion Analyst Daniel Yankelovich. It is a business-academic think tank that uses Yankelovich's survey methods in six countries, and Gyllenhammar is its European chief. The early studies lead him to suspect that one American in four is distressed about his or her lack of a job or conditions of work. The young among them are increasingly disruptive; the older ones feel discarded, particularly if they have been laid off with some frequency.

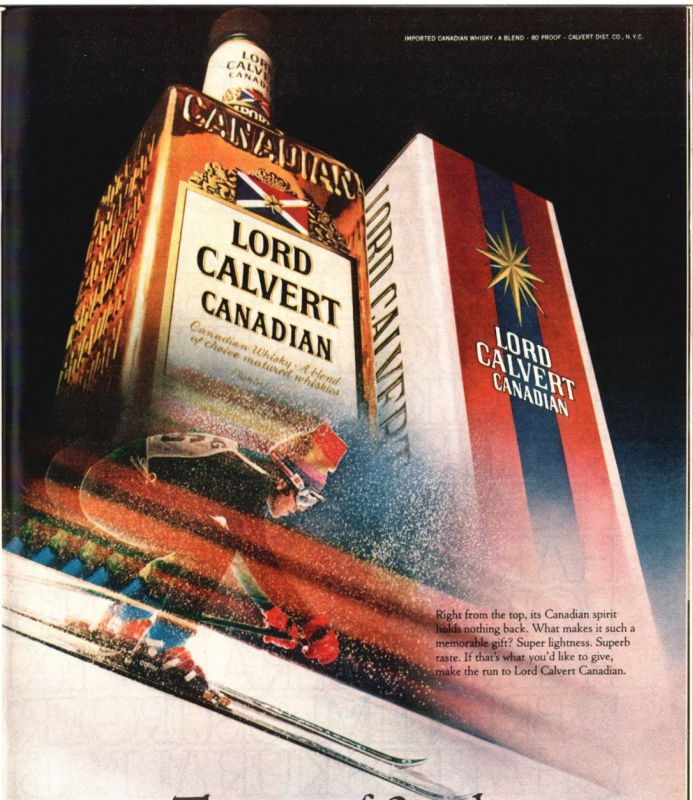
Gyllenhammar marvels that almost 11 million Americans have found jobs in the past three expansive years, but he worries that large legions are easily laid off when business turns down. It would be wiser, he argues, for companies not to hire so many people in good times and not to fire so many in bad times. Instead of dismissing them, perhaps the company could train them for other jobs, which they would get when business turned up again. Says he: "People take the punishment for your lack of planning. One wonders how these people react when they are hired and laid off so often. What do they tell their children? To whom are they loyal? Certainly not to the company."

The way out of the modern mismatch is to design jobs for people, he says. "It sounds oversimplified, but interest in people does solve problems." Gyllenhammar pleads for chief executives to get the message out that every supervisor has to take a serious personal interest in his own people. The foreman on the production line should have the power to say, "John, you don't seem happy in your job. Perhaps I can speak with the foreman at the next station and get you a transfer."

Volvo has much of this flexibility all down the line. Parts of Gyllenhammar's company even have flexible hours. People can work eight hours or six hours or four hours a day. Nighttime or daytime. Or two people can share a job. Husbands and wives work at the same time, but only six hours each; their combined wage is high, their leisure time is long. Shorter hours make it easier for housewives to take jobs. In one Volvo plant over several years, women have risen from 5% to 35% of the force.











Says Gyllenhammar: "The big problem today is not just to pay people, but also to help them feel they can identify with something in society." That may sound like an excess of Scandinavian idealism, but consider Gyllenhammar's results. Volvo's automobile productivity from 1976 through 1978 jumped 20%. The rise for U.S. private business productivity in that period: 2.4%.











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Education

The Case of the Missing Millions

Chicago's shaken school system clutches at solvency

As the outspoken, well-tailored \$82,500-per-year superintendent of the nation's third largest school system, Chicago's Joseph Hannon was a favorite in the Gold Coast parlors of the city's business elite. In four years on the job his scrappy resistance to busing in the racially divided system, now 80% nonwhite, won him praise from whites—and steady criticism from minorities and the Federal Government. But when Hannon recently telephoned to talk about the schools with his friend Don Reuben, a well-connected local lawyer and adviser to Chicago's Mayor Jane Byrne, he got a chilling message. "Things had changed," Hannon recalls being told. "He said if I had anything more to say

make up 60% of Chicago's \$1.4 billion annual budget). Chicago's schools began to lose their delicate financial balance after plans unexpectedly fell through last month to borrow \$124.6 million by selling financial notes to banks and other investors. Analysts at Moody's Investors Service, which rates the quality of investments like the school board notes, gave the notes only a low, "MIG-4" rating. Reason: the board planned to use some of the money to repay other borrowings, made in 1978. But the board had pledged to repay the 1978 notes from its own revenues, not by additional borrowing. Said one Wall Street analyst: "They naively thought the market wouldn't react negatively to the change."

school board president, two of Hannon's top financial officials resigned. Mrs. Rohter let it be known that she had been unable to obtain an accurate fix on school finances, despite round-the-clock investigation by a high-priced firm of accountants. Even so, depressing details began to dribble out: to meet expenses, administrators had failed to set aside \$15.9 million in federal withholding taxes due the Federal Government and \$5.3 million in teachers' pension funds and annuities. "This money belonged to our employees," said Mrs. Rohter, "and the board members are extremely concerned."

With Christmas looming, the shaken school system seemed to be lurching toward a payless payday for 50,000 employees. But at the last moment temporary help came—from Illinois Governor James Thompson and Mayor Byrne. The rescue package calls for \$200 million in loans, guaranteed by the city, to give Chicago's board time to come up



Superintendent Joseph Hannon



School Board President Catherine Rohter



Ex-President John Carey

Could anybody with half a brain mistake the difference between \$43 million and \$500 million? Mayor Byrne thought no.

I'd better have my attorney handy."

What mainly had changed was that Hannon and his aides had just been accused of multimillion-dollar mismanagement. By Byrne's estimate, Hannon's administration had allowed the school's red ink to soar to \$500 million, while claiming the deficit stood no higher than \$43 million. "They sat there and lied to me," said Byrne, recalling a recent up-beat discussion of school finances with Hannon and his aides. "I don't think anybody with half a brain can mistake the difference between \$43 million and \$500 million." That was a puzzling claim, since Byrne herself was confusingly mixing together two separate problems—last year's operating deficit of \$43 million, and estimated total indebtedness to bondholders and others.

Like many other inner-city school systems, Chicago's has long lived with deficits caused by expensive "special education" programs, as well as soaring payroll and energy costs and time lags in getting reimbursements from state and federal governments (such government payments

Since there were no takers for the school board's \$124.6 million in notes, Hannon asked Mayor Byrne to provide a city guarantee for the school board's financing. The mayor, concerned about the city's own credit rating, stalled and appointed a task force of bankers and lawyers to study the matter. Curious about the unexpected pinch, the Securities and Exchange Commission quietly began an inquiry into possible investor fraud in past sales of school notes.

Faced with all this, Hannon stunned the city, and the eleven-member school board, by handing in his resignation. The board had just renewed his four-year contract in September, but he was "tired," he said. He proposed a dramatic \$70 million budget cut requiring the elimination of 1,700 jobs and the scaling down of programs for the disadvantaged. Two days later longtime School Board President John Carey also resigned, and left town on vacation, offering no explanation. After lengthy meetings with Mrs. Catherine Rohter, Carey's replacement as

with a long-term solution to the school system's financial woes—which will almost certainly require tax increases. In effect, Mayor Byrne explained, the school board was in receivership and the city was the credit holder.

But just why, and how much, Chicago's schools had gone into the hole, by week's end nobody could tell. Current deficit estimates still began at Joe Hannon's original \$43 million. But tallies of total indebtedness to bondholders and others ran as high as \$700 million. There was plenty of blame for everyone, though. Hannon; the mayor, who should have seen the problem coming; and the school board's finance committee, which did not even meet between January 1978 and March 1979, owing to "personality conflict," as one member recalls. Why did the board fail to slam on the spending brakes sooner? Says Board Member Patricia O'Hern: "They also gave financial reports to our auditors. Now if one of the big eight auditing firms couldn't see what was going on, how could I? I'm just a housewife."

Law

Keyholing the Supreme Court

A new book tells tales out of chambers

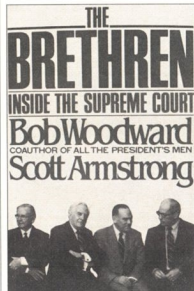
A lone among public institutions, the U.S. Supreme Court has remained an Olympian myth: nine sages in black robes, unelected, unreviewable, pronouncing the last word on the law. Throughout its 190-year existence, the court's decision-making process has enjoyed a special immunity from public scrutiny. Even during the '70s, in the post-Watergate era of full disclosure, its white marble temple stood as a sanctuary, its inner workings Washington's last well-kept secret.

To Watergate Investigative Reporter Bob Woodward, that made the nation's highest tribunal a "sitting target." Together with Washington Post Reporter Scott Armstrong, Woodward set out to do for Chief Justice Warren Burger's Supreme Court what he and Carl Bernstein had done for Richard Nixon's White House in *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*. Fortified by a \$350,000 advance from Simon & Schuster, Woodward and Armstrong spent two years reading cases and interviewing Justices and more than 170 former court clerks, top-level law school graduates who serve as confidential aides for a year or two. The sources not only supplied the authors with blow-by-blow descriptions of the court's in-camera deliberations during the first seven years (1969-76) of Burger's tenure but also made available a number of confidential court documents. The result is *The Brethren*, a book that ventures into the Justices' chambers and sets forth their feuds, their jockeying, their horse trading and their personal quirks in relentless and sometimes startling detail.

Of the twelve Justices portrayed in the book, Burger receives the harshest verdict. He is limned as a vain and petty man who consistently tries to bend or ignore the court's rules in order to get his way. His frequent vote switching exasperates his colleagues: after one flip-flop, Justice Byron White threw his pencil on the conference table and shouted, "Jesus Christ, here we go again!" The chief is portrayed as a legal lightweight whose opinions are shoddy and poorly thought out. Of one Burger opinion dealing with court-ordered school busing in Detroit, Justice Lewis Powell is quoted as saying, "If an associate in my law firm had done this, I'd fire him." Fickle and unprincipled, the authors claim, Burger is a jurist who can write a very liberal opinion on race discrimination, just so that his critics cannot easily pigeonhole him as a conservative. He is certainly no leader. "On ocean liners," Justice Potter Stewart reportedly told clerks at one point, "they used to have two captains. One for show, to take the

women to dinner. The other to pilot the ship safely. The chief is the show captain. All we need now is a real captain."

The court has no one who fits that description, as the authors see it. Decisions turn on the shifting votes of "the group," as Stewart calls it, the court's centrist core—Stewart, Powell, White and John Paul Stevens. Harry Blackmun is described as having to struggle to keep up with the court's work load but, growing in self-confidence and independence, he increasing-



ly joins the group. Justice William Rehnquist has the intelligence and the personal charm to be the leader but is too far to the right to consistently swing others. The two leftover liberals from the Earl Warren Court, Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan, are embittered and isolated. In his chambers, Brennan calls the chief "dummy" and rails in dissent with an "acid pen." (Brennan is not, however, above letting a life sentence stand in one case in order to cultivate Nixon appointee Blackmun, even though Brennan believes that the convicted man deserves a new trial.) Marshall, the only black Justice, has given up. "I'm going fishing," he tells his clerks. "You kids fight the battles. What difference does it make? Why fight when you can just dissent?"

Other oldtimers on the court hung on long after they should have retired. Justice Hugo Black, who died in 1971, tried to cover up a stroke suffered while playing tennis; his colleagues began to won-

der if he was becoming senile. In one pathetic scene, Justice John Marshall Harlan, once one of the court's leading intellectuals, was trying to sign a denial for review from his hospital bed. Nearly blind, he signed the bed sheet instead of the document. Justice William Douglas tried to exert influence even after he retired. He attempted to file a dissent in a campaign finance case and asked to have a tenth chair brought into the courtroom when the court heard oral arguments on the death penalty. Brennan, his old liberal ally, had to say no.

The book is sprinkled with homey detail. "What's shakin', chiefy baby?" is Marshall's jocular greeting to a startled Burger. At the height of the Agnew scandal in 1973, Baseball Buff Stewart had his clerks slip him play-by-play bulletins on the National League playoffs between the Cincinnati Reds and the New York Mets as he sat on the bench. One note read: "Kranepool flies to right. Agnew resigns." *The Brethren* also reports some tantalizing What Ifs. The court came within a vote of, in effect, judicially establishing the Equal Rights Amendment: Stewart held back only because he believed that state legislatures would pass the ERA. Muhammad Ali would have gone to jail as a draft resister had a clerk not persuaded Harlan to read some Black Muslim literature. Convinced that Ali's religious scruples made him a sincere conscientious objector, Harlan switched his vote and others followed: a 4-4 deadlock suddenly became an 8-0 vote to keep Ali free on a technicality.

Too often, however, the politicking and personal enmities depicted in *The Brethren* obscure what the Justices are really struggling with: the application of the law and the Constitution to complex moral and social questions like abortion, obscenity, busing, the death penalty. The notion that such issues can be considered solely in terms of abstract and impersonal principle is, of course, a myth. Inevitably there are times when the Justices end up voting their own convictions. "Result oriented" jurisprudence such as this has been criticized for years. But a Justice has to persuade his colleagues to produce a five-man majority; votes change and compromises are struck as individual opinions are exposed to the often withering scrutiny of the whole court. Ego clashes are not surprising, nor are they unique to just the Burger Court. Indeed, insiders consider this court less fractious than some of its predecessors.

Again and again in *The Brethren*, blatant plays or power plays by individual Justices are thwarted by the court as a whole. A poorly reasoned opinion by one Justice is hammered into something coherent and justifiable by others. During the Watergate crisis, when Burger took the court's decision on the Nixon tapes case for himself and botched it, the other

Justices conspired to wrest the actual writing of the opinion away from the chief and inserted their own judgments into the final draft. True, Stewart scoffed that the final product had been edited from a "D" to a "B" by law school grading standards, but the incident showed that the court has internal checks and balances. Lobbying by outsiders is shown to be futile. When the Washington lawyer and Franklin Roosevelt brain-truster Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran visited his old friend Black and acquaintance Brennan to get a controversial antitrust decision reheard, or when New York Times Editor James ("Scotty") Reston telephoned Burger to talk about the Pentagon papers case, they were quickly rebuffed.

Such examples of institutional strength help offset the Justices' idiosyncrasies. "You sure can get the impression from the book that the court is an institution that works," says Co-Au-



Authors Woodward (left) and Armstrong

A scrupulous effort to be non-judgmental.

thor Woodward. "There is strong evidence both ways. But we made a scrupulous effort to be non-judgmental." Indeed, the authors use a "just-the-facts-Ma'am" style; though the facts are not attributed, they novelistically include the Justices' innermost thoughts. In the book's final pages, Justice Stevens ponders his first year (1976) on the court. He finds himself "accustomed to watching his colleagues make pragmatic rather than principled decisions—shading the facts, twisting the law, warping logic to reconcile the unreconcilable." Even if it was not what Stevens had anticipated, the book says, "it was the reality."

That may just be Stevens' opinion, but the book's seemingly omniscient point of view makes it seem like the final judgment on the brethren. Readers may well conclude that for all the personal foibles recounted, the weight of the book's evi-

dence shows the institution still to be sound. Millions of TV viewers who watched CBS Correspondent Mike Wallace and the authors discuss the book's spicier revelations on *60 Minutes* last week are likely to be left with a more disparaging impression.

If so, the moral capital on which the court draws for its authority will be diminished. The disclosures in *The Brethren* could conceivably make the Justices less frank and open in their give and take. The revelations will certainly make some of the nine more cautious about confiding in their clerks; they also raise questions about the propriety of leaking confidential court documents. Burger, who once said that talking to a Justice's clerk was like tapping his phone, is understandably apologetic about the book. But court watchers doubt that *The Brethren* will do the institution long-term harm. Says Co-Author Armstrong: "It's not going to change the Justices' relationships. These guys already know what they think about each other." In all likelihood, the Justices will go on as before, wrestling with their consciences—and each other—over hard cases. ■

Boston Bonanza

Lawyer's fee draws fire

For Boston University Law Professor William Schwartz, the holiday season got off to a fast start last week. Massachusetts authorities announced an agreement that gives him a \$799,000 fee for negotiating a settlement in a dispute involving a fleet of trolley cars claimed to be defective. Because the cars kept jumping the track, the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority (M.B.T.A.) wanted them modified by the manufacturer, Boeing Vertol Co. In September, after a year of futile negotiations, Schwartz, a products-liability expert, was hired. Before the M.B.T.A. and Schwartz could agree what his remuneration would be, he extracted from Boeing Vertol a settlement calling for \$40 million in cash, including the sizable attorney's fee, in addition to other concessions. The cars originally cost \$52.9 million.

The size of Schwartz's fee troubled many Bostonians. A transit authority spokesman noted that Boeing Vertol—and not the M.B.T.A.—had to pay the legal bill. "An outrage," countered influential State Representative Barney Frank. "The size of the fee had to have some effect on the size of the settlement."

Schwartz's defenders note that both in absolute dollars and as a percentage, his fee is smaller than that awarded in a San Francisco transit settlement. Critics, however, see the Boston circumstances as different: Schwartz was involved in the suit for only two months rather than years, on behalf of an agency that depends on taxpayers to cover two-thirds of its budget. As Frank puts it, "When the public sector is as desperately poor as it is, no one ought to get rich off it." ■

Milestones

MARRIED. High-voltage Vocalist and Screen Star **Liza Minnelli**, 33, and Sculptor **Mark Gero**, 27, who managed her stage show, *The Act*; she for the third time, he for the first, in New York City.

DIED. **František Kriegel**, 71, Czechoslovak physician and politician; of a heart attack; in Prague. After serving his profession and political conscience as a medical officer in the Spanish Civil War, with Mao Tse-tung's forces resisting Japanese aggression and, with the U.S. Army during World War II, Kriegel returned home and helped engineer the 1948 Communist *coup d'état*. He then served as Deputy Minister of Health, medical adviser to Fidel Castro in Cuba, Central Committee member and, in 1968, chairman of the National Front. By then a liberal tied with the independent-minded regime of Alexander Dubček, Kriegel and his colleagues were arrested by the Russians during the 1968 Soviet invasion and held captive in Moscow. Expelled from the Communist Party within a year of his return, he joined other dissidents in 1977 in sponsoring the "Charter 77" human rights petition.

DIED. **Chang Kuo-t'ao**, 82, one of the twelve founders of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921 and early rival to Mao Tse-tung for the party's leadership; in Toronto. Chairman of the C.C.P.'s First Congress and member of the party's original triumvirate, Chang came to blows with Mao in 1934 over the strategy of the 6,000-mile Long March retreat. Ousted from the party in 1938, Chang left China when the Communists took over.

DIED. **Friedrich Ebert**, 85, mayor of East Berlin from 1948 to 1967 and member of the East German Politburo; of a heart attack; in East Berlin. The eldest son of the Weimar Republic's first President, Ebert was jailed and harassed under Hitler and joined East Germany's Communist Party after the war. From 1971 until his death, he served as a deputy head of state.

DIED. **Walter A. Haas**, 90, honorary chairman of the board of Levi Strauss & Co.; in San Francisco. A marketing wizard, Haas joined his father-in-law's floundering jeans company in 1919 and, barely altering a stitch in the product, turned it into an American institution.

DIED. **Sonia Delaunay**, 94, pioneering modernist painter and seminal designer of the art deco look; in Paris. Ukrainian-born Sonia Terk moved to Paris in 1905 and made a splash as an innovative colorist. In 1910 she married Cubist Robert Delaunay, whose work and thought came to overshadow and fuse with her own. While her painting made its mark only after his death in 1941, she established herself in the '20s by applying abstract principles of color and geometry in designing books, ceramics, costumes for Serge Diaghilev and fabrics for Coco Chanel.

Religion

"A Savage Misogyny"

Mormonism vs. feminism and the ERA

She was the church organist, teacher of a women's class, a devoted wife and the mother of four. Energetic, attractive and dutiful, Sonia Johnson, 43, seemed the very model of a modern Mormon matron. But she was also a militant lobbyist for the Equal Rights Amendment. Last week, apparently as a result, she found herself excommunicated from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Sterling Park, Va. She can still attend services, but can take no active part in the life

al nor allow any testimony about her work for it. The church, in fact, says that it does not mind that Johnson, a former college instructor with a Ph.D., lobbied for the amendment by testifying at a hearing of the U.S. Senate. Or that she once flamboyantly hired a plane to drag a MORMONS FOR ERA pennant over Salt Lake City during a Mormon Church meeting. It claims that she had accused the leadership of "savage misogyny." She explains that the phrase was directed only at Mormon culture in general. A fifth-generation Latter-day Saint, she intends to appeal Willis' punishment to higher church authorities. But, she said, "the church has given me a lot of joy in my life. You don't abandon a good friend just because he does something unethical." As for the ERA, she will go on fighting for it.



Sonia Johnson after her excommunication

"The church has given me a lot of joy."

of the congregation. More important, Mormons believe that if she does not repent and get rebaptized, she presumably will be eternally separated in the afterlife from her husband and children.

Excommunications do occur in many Mormon congregations, usually involving sexual misconduct or apostasy—and no publicity. The Mormons gave up polygamy in 1890, but though the church, for example, favors equal pay for equal work, it strongly opposes the ERA, fearing a threat to morality and family life. The church does not allow women in its priesthood (its term for all laymen eligible to hold office). The ruling against Johnson was issued after a closed-door hearing that made national headlines and TV. It was delivered by CIA Personnel Officer Jeffery Willis, her local bishop (a layman who serves as leader of individual Mormon congregations).

Because she was officially charged with spreading false doctrine and working against church leadership, Willis would not permit ERA to be mentioned at the tri-

That's Showbiz ?

NBC vs. the Nativity

In some ways it might better have been called *All in the Holy Family*. Mary and Joseph look like a couple of '60s flower children, he curly-haired and callow, she snub-nosed, discreetly nubile, with a hint of freckles. Much of what happens to them is intended as dramatic improvement on the work of the original scriptwriters, Matthew and Luke. Mary's father, for instance, is crucified for criticizing the government. Joseph's family has come down in the world, its ancestral wealth having been snatched from it by greedy King Herod. Joseph has been an anti-Roman terrorist. When Mary claims to be pregnant with the Messiah, a Jewish court sentences her to death by stoning. In the nick of time, Joseph intervenes to save her, accepting the paternity of the child and a flogging in her stead.

These were only a few of the non-scriptural episodes in an otherwise reverential three-hour NBC-TV movie called *Mary and Joseph: A Story of Faith* that stirred religious controversy long before it was aired this week. Defending the show, the Rev. Richard Gilbert of Princeton Theological Seminary, one of several religious consultants called in by the network, says, "There is much in *Mary and Joseph* that is invented. There is nothing that could not have happened."

In any case, storytellers have been embroidering on the Nativity texts for nearly 20 centuries. Sometimes it is to make the Holy Family more believable, often it is to make events even more miraculous. Many of the inventions of art and literature are so ingrained that people regard

them as part of Holy Writ. The beasts that appear at the manger, for instance, are not mentioned in the Bible. Neither is the number of the Magi. The names Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar and the legend that Balthasar was black were popularized in the 8th century. Partly to make it easier for Catholics to believe in Mary's lifelong virginity, early church authors developed the notion that Joseph was an older man, presumably a widower, when he married her.

The earliest embroidered versions of the Nativity are the apocryphal "infancy gospels" dating from the first centuries A.D., which, for good reason, the church never included in the New Testament. The Gospel makes the flight into Egypt a series of miracles. A mule turns into a boy;



Mary and Joseph in embroidered teledrama

Well, it could have happened that way.

idols self-destruct. Another apocryphal story illustrated Jesus' childhood power by noting that he struck dead a boy who had run into him and knocked him down. Joseph, in despair, expresses his fears to Mary and wonders whether Jesus should go out at all.

The most famous Nativity anecdotes were gathered together in the 13th century by Jacobus de Voragine in *The Golden Legend*, a compilation of saint stories that became a medieval bestseller. Among other things, Father Jacobus reports that the water of a Roman spring turned to oil on the day Christ was born. But the most touching Nativity tales turned up in 14th century English mystery plays. In the *York Cycle*, a medieval playwright gives Mary rhymed lines that brilliantly extend the spirit and simplicity of Matthew and Luke:

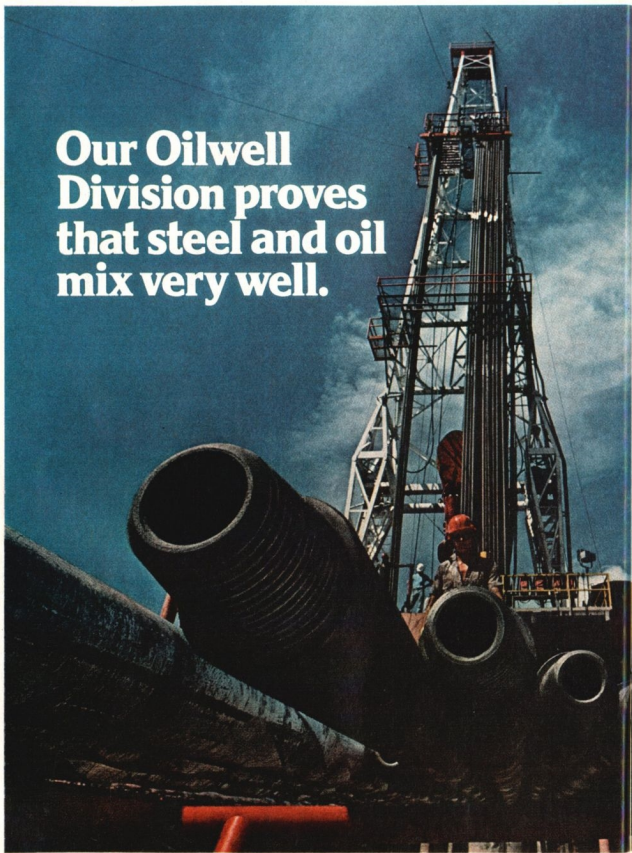
*Now in my soul great joy have I
I am all clad in comfort clear;
Now will be born of my body
Both God and man together here.*

GOOD TASTE IS MORE THAN AN IMAGE. IT'S A GIFT.

Now, the clear, clean, refreshing taste
of Gordon's Gin in a beautiful gift package.



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Religion

Caroling Crisis

1st Noel vs. 1st Amendment

While the number of languid non-believers in America is legion, the number of aggressive atheists is small, probably no larger than the 65,000 claimed for Archatist Madalyn Murray O'Hair's mailing list. The number of atheists willing to go to court about religion is smaller still. One of these is a South Dakota laborer named Roger Florey.

Imagine Atheist Florey's dismay, two years ago, when he walked into the holiday assembly program in the Hayward Elementary School in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and found youngsters, including his kindergarten-age son Justin, giving out with *O Come All Ye Faithful* and *Silent Night*. Then a teacher quizzed them on the religious theme. "They had just gone overboard," Florey recalls. The result is the first federal court test of whether per-

formance of religious Christmas music, a perennial issue in many cities, should be banished from public schools on grounds of church-state separation.

Florey decided to sue the Sioux Falls school board, but earlier this year a South Dakota federal judge rejected the Florey case, declaring that religious music and art have "become integrated into our national culture and heritage." The school board, meanwhile, had worked out a guideline policy, permitting the use of religious music, Jewish as well as Christian, in "a prudent and objective manner" in programs balancing religious and secular aspects of any holiday.

Florey was not appeased. He took his case to the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, where it is awaiting judgment. But on the way to St. Louis the suit acquired a major new supporter. The American Civil Liberties Union, national Jewish organizations and the Unitarian Universalists were joined last June by Lawyer William P. Thomp-

son, chief executive of the 2.6 million-member United Presbyterian Church and former president of the National Council of Churches. The Presbyterian brief seeks to banish the singing of Christmas music in public schools, not because it is too religious (Florey's view) but because it is not religious enough. Such music used under secular auspices, except formal music classes, Thompson feels, "debases" and "perverts" the religious significance of Christmas. Why mix *Away in a Manger* with *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*? Thompson asks.

If approved by the high courts, Thompson's policy would further secularize American life. In Sioux Falls this Christmas, pending the forthcoming federal ruling from St. Louis, youngsters in some assemblies will be singing Christmas music as usual, perhaps for the last time. But for Justin Florey and his classmates it will be *Suzy Snowflake* and *Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town*. ■

Sport

Double Trouble

Scandals rock New Mexico

The search that produced such startling results began routinely enough when investigators of the New Mexico Organized Crime Strike Force, a special state investigative unit, started looking into underworld activities. The allegations that developed were both dismaying and frightening. They involved a college basketball scandal, which was bad enough, but last week TIME learned that the agents also discovered that gamblers had used a computer to do their bookkeeping—and that the computer was owned by Sandia Laboratories, a supposedly supersecret contractor that makes nuclear weapons.

The agents got wind of the Sandia operation when they tapped the telephone of Robert McGuire, described in a police affidavit as a "known gambler and bookie." A remarkable message was transmitted from McGuire's phone at 6:39 p.m. on Oct. 11. No voice spoke and no ear listened: the electronically encoded message was sent by a portable terminal and it was received by a computer at Sandia. The information conveyed: data about gambling.

Police claim that the person doing the syndicate's homework on the computer was Jerry Shinkle, 40, a Sandia employee with a doctorate in mechanical engineering. Shinkle, says Lee Hollingsworth, the company's chief computer analyst, "is a very bright young man." FBI agents later found betting information

and a copy of the computer code in Shinkle's home. The engineer was fired in November and prosecutors will take his case to a federal grand jury later this month. Possible charges: violations of federal gambling and racketeering statutes.

Although he had a security clearance, Shinkle did not have access, Sandia insists, to the company's two main computers, which contain the classified material. The one that Shinkle is said to have used, says Sandia, had only unclassified material. Still, FBI agents and officials at the Department of Energy, which underwrites the work at Sandia, were shocked that Shinkle could get such easy access to any company computer. James P. Crane, the DOE official in charge of security at Sandia, said last week that he had set up new monitoring procedures and restricted access to the computers.

Following gambling leads, the investigators also uncovered a tawdry story at the University of New Mexico that involved faking academic credits for Guard Craig Gilbert. Agents overheard a conversation between Coach Norm Ellenberger and Manny Goldstein, his assistant, in which Goldstein said he arranged to get some credits for Gilbert by paying \$300 to John Woolley, dean of admissions at Oxnard College in Oxnard, Calif. Gilbert had gone to school there for one year. The plan was to have Woolley certify that Gilbert had earned the credits at, of all unlikely places, Mercer County Community Col-



Ellenberger

lege in Trenton, N.J. Gilbert, a Californian, had never gone to far-off Mercer, but Goldstein, who is from Brooklyn, knew his way around the place. Somehow he got a blank transcript and a fake school seal, counterfeited the record and sent the envelope special delivery to Woolley. Before it got there, agents intercepted the packet.

Ellenberger and Goldstein have been suspended by the university and will be brought before a grand jury on charges of bribery and wire and mail fraud. Woolley insists: "I haven't done anything illegal or wrong." The university later discovered that five more players had been given false academic credits; they had never showed up for an aptly named course, all things considered, called "Current Problems in Coaching Athletics." New Mexico declared all five ineligible and also suspended a sixth while his academic record was reviewed. The team will forfeit its only win so far this year, a 112-100 victory over West Texas State.

There may be more trouble to come. The FBI is investigating the athletic department's financial records, looking for evidence that the school paid for recruiting trips that were never made. And the university must respond to 57 allegations by the National Collegiate Athletic Association that it had offered cash gifts and free travel for players, as well as tampered with academic records. It could be a long winter in New Mexico. ■



Goldstein

Television

Sweeps Stakes

CBS upstages ABC

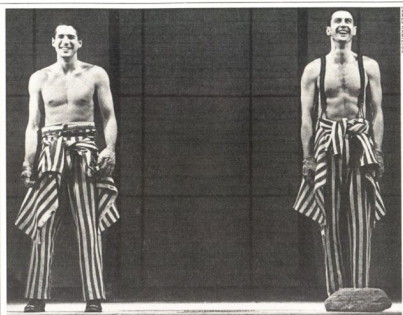
For the past few seasons, television insiders have tended to talk mostly about two networks—front-running ABC and third-place NBC. Last week all that changed. After the 1979-80 season's first Nielsen sweeps, second-place CBS quietly rose to the top of the ratings. It was the first time since January 1976 that ABC had not won the network numbers game.

Though ABC is still likely to be the ratings leader for the season as a whole, its November loss to CBS is the strongest indication yet that its era of sovereignty is over. Explains Joel Segal, a senior vice president at the Ted Bates agency: "Minus the World Series and 1978 election night, ABC is down 10%, CBS up 5% and NBC up 2%, compared with last year. This is the beginning of a three-way horse race." Since a single rating point is worth \$40 million to \$50 million in advertising revenue to a network, this horse race is not being run merely for a trophy.

ABC's decline is largely a result of corporate overconfidence. In an effort to bolster the few weak spots on its schedule this fall, ABC broke one of TV's sacrosanct laws: it moved winning shows to new time periods. Such traditional Top Ten hits as *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley* and *Mork & Minda* have all suffered from being shifted. Some have at times fallen to the bottom half of the Nielsen chart. Made-for-TV movies and miniseries, usually a strength for ABC, have also proved poor draws this season.

The key to CBS's resurgence is its schedule on Sunday, the night when the greatest number of TV sets are in use. With the powerhouse *60 Minutes* as a lead-in, such tired CBS sitcoms as *Archie Bunker's Place*, *One Day at a Time*, *Alice* and *The Jeffersons* are consistently near the top of the Nielsen. *Trapper John, M.D.*, a dim hospital drama, is the season's biggest new hit, mainly because it caps CBS's winning Sunday line-up. CBS has shown other new signs of life: modestly successful shows like *Dallas*, *WKRP in Cincinnati* and *The Dukes of Hazzard* have started to build big audiences.

NBC has not come up with any runaway hits so far this season, but Fred Silverman's troubled network cannot be counted out. Its winter replacement shows include *United States*, by the creator of *M*A*S*H*, and a new dramatic series, *Skag*, starring Karl Malden. This summer NBC has the bonanza of the Olympic Games. Says Advertising Executive Chuck Bachrach: "The jury is out on Silverman. If he can maintain his standing until the Olympics, then I think everyone has a shot at No. 1 for next year." ■



Richard Gere and David Dukes display a verbal affinity of emotion in *Bent*

Theater

Walpurgisnacht

BENT by Martin Sherman

Dachau, 1936. The sun is hellish. Two men in prison garb stand in front of an electrified fence. Max (Richard Gere) and Horst (David Dukes) must carry heavy rocks from one side of the prison yard to the other, drop them in a pile and then carry them back. This task of inspired idiocy is designed not only to break their bodies but to crush their minds and spirits. Their crime: being homosexuals.

The Nazis herded countless thousands of homosexuals into concentration camps. They were regarded as degenerates, polluting the purity of Aryan blood. That is the documentary origin of this gritty, powerful and compassionate drama.

Bent may be regarded as pro-gay in that it displays no social or moral qualms about anyone's being gay. But playwright Sherman is not proselytizing. He wants to show us the brute cost of survival, the deep need and sustaining force of human affection in dire adversity and the taxing journey to the root core of one's identity. The play at Manhattan's New Apollo Theater achieves these ends, thanks in part to an arresting performance by Film Actor Gere (*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Yanks*). Even greater thanks are due David Dukes for his extraordinarily intuitive portrayal of Horst, a man rounded up by the state for having signed a petition demanding rights for "queers." To put this in proper his-

torical perspective, some of the earliest Nazi party stalwarts were distinctly "bent." On the "Night of the Long Knives," June 30, 1934, Hitler ordered Ernst Röhm, left-wing head of the SA and a notorious homosexual fanatically loyal to the Führer, murdered.

Bent does not begin in the death camp, but on a hung-over morning after a dissolute evening of booze, cocaine and sadomasochistic pastimes. The apartment of Max and his dancer-lover Rudy (David Marshall Grant) is broken in on by Storm Troopers. The two flee but are subsequently captured. The Nazi goons begin beating Rudy viciously and order Max to do the same. He begins in utter dismay, recognizes what he has been degraded to, and in an orgy of self-loathing deals his lover the final fatal blow. To amuse themselves further, the guards then order Max to undergo an appalling sexual test. He passes. The guards thought, as he tells Horst, "He's a bit bent." They said, "He can't... but I did." For his reward, Max is permitted to wear the yellow star marking him a Jew, which gives him preferential treatment over the homosexuals, who wear pink triangles.

Throughout the play, Gere handles the shadings of emotion superbly, especially in a scene in which he and Dukes stand several feet apart, not facing each other, and go through an explicit verbal depiction of oral sex all the way to its climax. *Bent* is not "entertainment" as the word is customarily used, but in its tensile strength and nervy risk taking, it is audacious theater.

—T.E. Kalem

People

Supporters of **Jimmy Carter** have been calling her two-faced ever since she dumped the incumbent to support **Edward Kennedy's** quest for the presidency. Speaking cosmetically rather than politically, however, Chicago's Democratic Mayor **Jane Byrne** really is. The Windy City's feisty mayor is given to impromptu press conferences at which she appears without television make-up. Embarrassed by the bags beneath her eyes that looked particularly heavy under bright TV lights, Byrne, 45, slipped into a hospital over Thanksgiving for a facelift. Reappearing in public last week, the mayor said nothing about her operation but was unperturbed when photographers rushed to record her new, more youthful look.

She's pretty as a picture, but in this case the picture was worth nowhere near a thousand words. Cast as a young German in *The Formula*, French Actress **Dominique Sanda** appeared for a first reading with **George C. Scott**, who stars as a Los Angeles detective involved with both her and a synthetic-oil conspiracy, whatever that is, while investigating a routine murder. Scott found Sanda's French accent so thick

that he had difficulty understanding her. That would make for bad acting and a bad movie. Change the *fräulein*, as Hollywood often does, to a *mademoiselle*? Great Scott, not in this case. At Scott's insistence,



Out-of-work Dominique Sanda

Sanda was paid \$350,000, packed off to Paris and replaced by Swiss **Marthe Keller**. At least that's the reported *dénouement*. Neither Scott nor Sanda would talk about it. Her only comment was a brusque "No comment." No accent there.

At 83, **Lillian Gish** has finally become slightly age sensitive. "Whenever I tell anyone what's on my birth certificate," complains the stage and movie actress, who began her career as a child and became a silent screen star with late Sister **Dorothy**, "they always add a few years." But Gish is not altogether bashful about her fourscore and three. Holding court at a White House reception last week honoring the performing arts, she recalled the first time she and Dorothy were invited to the presidential mansion. It was for a special showing of their movie, *Orphans of the Storm*, and "my sister had a knot in her stomach from the excitement. But since both we and the President were from Ohio, everything went just fine." The President was Warren Harding, the year 1922.

It wasn't a May and December marriage. More like March and April. Bridgroom **Shaun Cassidy**, who reached stardom early as teeny-bop's biggest rock idol and then moved smoothly into television acting on Sunday night's *The Hardy Boys Mysteries*, is 21. Bride **Ann Pennington**, a former *Playboy* Playmate who models in bouncy commercials for a Los Angeles men's clothing chain, is seven years older. But that gap mattered not to a romance that began 19 months ago when Cassidy spotted Pennington on the *Hardy* set. Nor to the groom's mother, Actress **Shirley Jones**, who was on hand to toast the couple following a quiet wedding at the Cassidy home in Beverly Glen, Calif.

She protested coyly that she was suffering from fallen fanny. Actually, former Alabama First Lady **Cornelia Wallace** looked fetching at 40, wearing a stunning white décolleté bathing suit and water skis for her appearance in an aquaballet at Cypress Gardens. Wallace, who trained as a water-skier at Rollins College in Florida and spent a year skiing professionally at Cypress Gardens, returned to participate in a special program marking the 50,000th water



Wallace reliving Aquamaid days

show at that Sunshine State tourist attraction. Wintering at Palm Beach this year, she still water-skis as often as she can, but that's less and less these days. The onetime Aquamaid is hard at work on a novel dealing with civil rights and loosely based on the careers of two Alabama Governors, her Uncle **James E.** ("Kissing Jim") **Folsom** and ex-Husband **George Wallace**. Says Cornelia, who also figures in the book: "I think it's going to be the most significant contribution to literature from the South since *Gone With the Wind*."

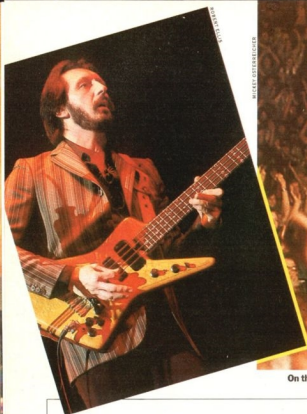
On the Record

Helen Hayes, actress, on discrimination: "There is no racial or religious prejudice among people in the theater. The only prejudice is against bad actors, especially successful ones."

Bill Bradley, New Jersey Democratic Senator and former professional basketball player, on senatorial privileges: "I prefer to eat lunch in the Senate dining room than sweat in the Senate steam bath. I have had my share of sweating."



Ann and Shaun Cassidy with groom's mother Shirley Jones



On the night following the eleven deaths in Cincinnati, The Who is buoyed by cheering fans in

Music

COVER STORY

Rock's Outer Limits

Through turmoil and triumph, The Who makes music that will last

Time enough, in 15 years, for three new generations and a dozen new audiences. The Who has outpaced them all. Time enough for a bewilderment of pop styles to flare, settle, burn out. The Who has outlasted them all. Too much time for most rock bands to survive. The Who, in every sense of the word, has outlived them all, and outclassed them too.

The Who has sustained—indeed, defined—the vaunting, unstable strength that is the soul of rock, the barefoot boogie along the keen edge of the blade. There are lots of scars and some wounds that will never heal. The music remains intact, inviolate. No other group has ever pushed rock so far, or asked so much from it. No other band has ever matched its sound, a particular combination of sonic onslaught and melodic delicacy that is like chamber music in the middle of a commando raid. No other group, in return, has ever had so much asked of it by an audience which takes it as an absolute article of faith that,

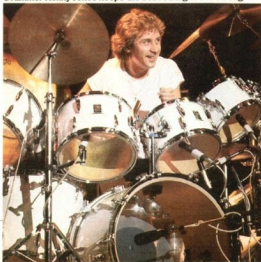
every time out, The Who plays for mortal stakes.

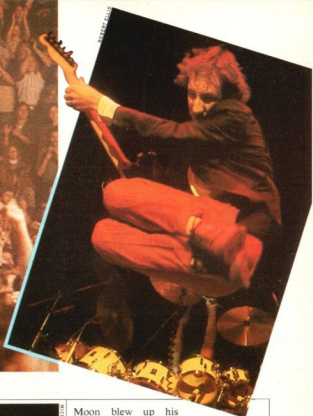
In performance the band seems to play possessed. The music itself is animated by excess, insists on, and receives, a response in kind. Who audiences are some of the most fiercely loyal, and some

of the wildest, in rock. Abandon is the aim, and to reach that The Who acts in concert with the audience; "They bring you alive," as John Entwistle, the bass player, puts it. The excess they want, group and fans together, is a release, an explosive culmination of energy, a detonation of good will and great music. "Rock's always been demanding," says Pete Townshend, who writes most Who songs. "It is demanding of its performers, and its audience. And of society. Demanding of change."

Society sometimes does not get the message, and that only seems to push The Who harder. The power and unpredictability of the group, along with its longstanding and much vaunted intramural volatility ("We've been breaking up ever since the day we started," says Vocalist Roger Daltrey), are a large measure of its appeal and, ironically, the core of much of its strength. It is also the source for a good deal of discomfort and antagonism among those who take rock music

Drummer Kenny Jones keeps the beat straight and strong





Buffalo; John Entwistle (left); Pete Townshend (right); and Roger Daltrey (below)

casually, and especially among those who would like never to put up with it at all.

Last week, playing a concert date in Cincinnati during the first week of an 18-day blitz of the East and Midwest, The Who found itself performing after a crowd stampede that killed eleven people. The tragedy took place outside Riverfront Coliseum as thousands of kids holding unreserved seats charged across a concrete plaza toward two unlocked entrances. The group had not yet come onstage. "If it had happened inside," said Townshend, "I would never have played again." The musicians could not be blamed and, indeed, did not learn what had happened until after the concert. They were shattered, and, for a time, considered that in some way they might be responsible. The Who knows as well as its fans that, since the group's beginning, it has always lived at the outer limits of rock. That is the dangerous borderland where the best rock music is made, the music that lasts and makes a difference. Elvis Presley lived there. So still do Chuck Berry and John Lennon, Van Morrison and Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. Buddy Holly, Sam Cooke and Jimi Hendrix died there. And The Who has taken up permanent residence. The danger that pervades this territory is not a matter of threat, but a kind of proud, blind, spiritual recklessness, forming a musical brotherhood that could be bound by the words of Russian Poet Andrei Voznesensky: "To live is to burn."

For a long time, back in their early days, the four received a great deal of notoriety for smashing their instruments at the end of each performance. It was, at first, a flashy, frightening and finally exhilarating thing to see. Drummer Keith



Moon blew up his drum kit, and Townshend rammed the neck of his guitar into his amp, while Daltrey slammed his microphone against the stage and Entwistle held tight to his bass, playing stubbornly on like a shipwreck's lone survivor trying to keep dry in a leaking lifeboat. There was too much discussion about how all this was rock's reflection of Pop art, happenings and autodestruction, how the demolition was an action critique of material values. But until the destruction came to be expected and then required, all this razing was never phony. Anyone in the audience could tell those instruments were extensions of, even surrogates for, the four blessed, blitzed maniacs in the band. That was not Pop art onstage; it was a gang war.

There were no separate peaces. Only nightly shards of instruments lying on the floor of the stage like jigsaw fragments. "We're always trying to outdo each other onstage," Daltrey says. "All of us are a bit mad. We've stayed together for 15 years because we've never stopped fighting." Adds Townshend, "The Who's like an open book. It leads to a kind of unwitting honesty. That's what I think the fans really get fanatic about."

Whether witting or withdrawn, like savings, from some secret zinc-lined stockpile, the honesty of the performance and of the music was armor piercing. "The Who sound came from us playing as a three-piece band and trying to sound like more," Entwistle told TIME's Janice Castro. "I play standard bass, but I combine it with long runs where I take over the lead while

Pete bashes out chords." Townshend's guitar style—a sort of flywheel progression from rhythmic chords to melody and back again, all performed with whirling arm, splits, slides and high jumps—attracted as much attention as his songs. An early Townshend tune like *My Generation*, with a chorus of stuttered defiance ("Why don't you all f-f-fade away") and its refrain like a middle-finger salute ("Hope I die before I get old"), put everyone on notice. In the 14 years since that single came out, The Who has lost none of its power. Townshend may have refined the song musically, shaped the message a little more deftly, as in *Won't Get Fooled Again*, but the spirit remains the same and just as impossible to tame. That spirit turns *Won't Get Fooled Again* into rock's best and most furious political manifesto. Its sardonic observations on the bicameral process ("The parting on the left/ Is now the parting on the right") and the bitter truth of its conclusion ("Meet the new boss/ Same as the old boss") make



Abandon is the aim: The Who revs up and tears loose in concert

Driving for a detonation of good will and great music.

it a fine anthem for any election year, anywhere.

The Beatles fell prey to divisiveness, disarray. The Rolling Stones traveled fast, turned gangrenous. The Who kept its distance, stayed strong by staying stubborn, contentious. Buoyed by the great breaking wave of British rock during the '60s, the group managed to swim clear. "We've sometimes been able to hide behind bands like the Beatles and the Stones, who got so much flak," Townshend says. "Yet we were significantly stronger than other

contemporaries. Stronger in live performance, for example. And much more daring with material."

Not only does The Who's old material sound vital now, the new songs are as powerful as anything the punks or the new wave set down. There are other supergroups, like the Eagles or Fleetwood Mac, who turn out a kind of well-tooled pop that beats The Who in the charts. There are even other hard-rock groups, like Led Zeppelin, that lay down a kind of sugar-lined bombast that can rattle-dazzle the record buyer. The Who's cumulative sales exceed 20 million records. The members' individual wealth—Townshend, Entwistle and Daltrey are all millionaires several times over—is nothing to sulk about, even if the band is not in the highest OPEC aristocracy of rock. This is a matter of no particular moment to the group. It coasts past trends and floats over sales curves just by staying a little outside and to the left of the main current.

One of the few major alterations in

The Stampede to Tragedy

It was a tough ticket. All 18,348 of them were gone 90 minutes after they went on sale in late September at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum. The Who had not played the area since 1975. It was an event.

Fans converged from all over. Danny and Connie Burns left their two young children at home, got on a chartered bus in Dayton and headed for the concert.

Though the music was not billed to begin until 8 p.m., the crowd started building outside the coliseum around 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. By 3, the police had arrived to keep watch. With so long to wait, the kids tried to keep a party mood going. There was some drinking, some grass.

By early evening there were 8,000 people, most holding general admission tickets, massed in the coliseum plaza near the west gate. By 7, the doors had still not been opened. The crowd, past impatience, pressed closer together. Danny and Connie Burns were among them.

Lieut. Dale Menkhous, detailed to head a squad of 25 Cincinnati police on crowd-control assignment, sensed danger. He went looking for someone to open the doors. He found one of

the promoters, Cal Levy, who told him this was not possible. The musicians had not completed their rehearsals inside the hall, and not enough ticket takers had arrived.

The crowd, now clotted tightly together, pressed forward. Around 7:20, someone smashed through a closed glass door and crawled through the shards into the hall. Finally the doors of the west gate opened. The crowd surged. Danny Burns was carried with them. He could not see his wife.

Lieut. Menkhous heard that "people were down in the crowd." There was nothing he could do. The mob was still moving and could not be penetrated. When the initial press slackened, the police started to force their way through.

They found the first body at 7:45. In all, there were eight injured and eleven dead—seven men and four women. Three were high school students, another was a highway worker. One was Connie Burns. According to a coroner's preliminary report, they had died of suffocation.

Inside the coliseum, Cincinnati Fire Marshall Clifford Drury told Who Manager Bill Curbishley that the show should go on as scheduled. Drury reasoned that the crowd, which did not know what had happened at the west gate, would not sit still



Shaken and sleepless, The Who leaves Cincinnati to continue the tour

Music

The Who is that for years there has been no breaking of instruments. "Sometimes I got the feeling," says Entwistle, 35, "that the people wished we would just come out, smash up the lot and leave." An additional, sadder change occurred when Keith Moon died of drug overdose at 31; he was replaced on drums by Kenny Jones, 31. The group still puts *My Generation* across with enough swagger and insinuation to get you giddy or make you feel like you are being stalked down a dark street. When Townshend, 35, called himself "the aging daddy of punk rock," he was not being entirely facetious. Who music can match the tough street impact of punk, especially as Daltrey dishes it out. At 35, he may be one of the oldest kids in the playground, but he is still one of the toughest. Townshend melodies like *Pure and Easy*, *Baba O'Riley* and *Music Must Change* have the structural sophistication of music that is usually presumed to be more "serious." They also have a visceral challenge, a rush that only Springsteen, among Who contemporaries, can rival.

The rush is the path into the music. The way to the center and

out again is a good deal more complex and subtle. Townshend's obsessions are the audience, music itself and a certain evasive, almost evanescent kind of spirituality that has its roots in the teaching of the Indian mystic Meher Baba, to whom Townshend is devoted. *Tommy*, which became the most widely known Who work, was a two-record "rock opera" about a deaf, dumb and blind pinball champ who was raised into a kind of pop artifact and rock-'n'-roll godhead. It sold more than 2 million copies, bought the band out of years of accumulated debt

from broken instruments, leveled hotel rooms and erratic U.S. touring. It also brought the members of The Who a flash of stateside fame they had not previously known. Before *Tommy* they had been notorious; now they were celebrities. Also in 1969, The Who appeared at Woodstock. "It was all very lovely," Entwistle remembers. "People shacking up in tents sunk three feet in the mud, no toilets, peace and love. Backstage I had a couple of cups of fruit juice and found out someone had put acid in it. I wanted to kill him." Onstage The Who sliced through the flower power like a chain saw in a daisy garden, played with an intensity that took the show away from such Mallomar bands as the Jefferson Airplane. Abbie Hoffman scrambled up to join the proceedings, and Townshend responded, as he recalled later, by "kicking [his] little ass in a proud rage."

In the midst of all these pyrotechnics, it was easy enough to lose sight of the fact that The Who stood in defiance of the Woodstock generation. "You've got to remember that *Tommy* was antidrug in 1969," Daltrey recalls. Townshend, who had been through his own phase



Paramedics fight to revive the injured outside coliseum

for a cancellation. So The Who played its standard two-hour set, and were then instructed to keep the encore short. When the four came offstage, Curbishley told them the news. Kenny Jones slumped against a wall. John Entwistle tried to light a cigarette, which shredded in his shaking hands. Roger Daltrey began to cry. Pete Townshend went ashen quiet. Daltrey thought the whole tour should be canceled. Then Townshend spoke up. He said, "If we don't play tomorrow, we'll never play again."

The next day in Buffalo, the promoters and hall operators worked with the Who management. There were 237 security men, ushers, ticket takers and general staff working at Memorial Auditorium that night. Roger Daltrey told the sellout crowd, "We lost a lot of family last night. This show's for them." The Who had to work hard to get through it.

Some first reactions to the tragedy were full of freewheeling instant blame. A Cincinnati editor called the kids in the audience "animals." Other commentators were more thoughtful, including a cousin of one of the Cincinnati victims, Linda Mancusi-Ungaro, 18. She appeared before a public hearing in Boston that was called to determine whether the Who concert scheduled for Dec. 16 should be allowed to take place. Mancusi-Ungaro said that it should, and afterward explained why: "The Cincinnati incident was a loss, but to set a precedent for canceling rock concerts based on that tragedy would be inappropriate. Someone at the hearing asked me why this happened at a Who concert, instead of some other group's. I told them it wasn't the band, or the type of crowd. It was the ticket system."

Fewer than 20% of the Cincinnati tickets were for reserved seats. The rest were for so-called festival seating, a

sort of first-come-best-seated system that many of the country's major rock venues have long since given up as unworkable. Says Tony Tavares, director of the New Haven Coliseum where The Who will play this week: "When you sell a general admission ticket, you're challenging your crowd to get to the best seats in the house first. You're creating a system of pandemonium." New York City's Madison Square Garden, which brings its 20,000-capacity

crowds in through four separate towers and a series of separate entrances, has never permitted festival seating. The Garden had 200 security people, 100 ushers and 20 supervisors at their Who concerts in September. "I paid \$7,800 for security and staffing fees," says Curbishley. "Where was that security Monday night?" Riverfront Coliseum concerts by Elton John in 1976 and Led Zeppelin in 1977 had resulted in serious crowd incidents. Now Curbishley and The Who are talking to other rock groups, lobbying for legislation that will establish some guidelines for large concerts. "But," says Kenny Jones, "do eleven kids have to die before you hire a few extra guards?" Cincinnati will hold public hearings on two new proposed ordinances, one that would give police total authority over crowd control and one that would ban festival seating. Said Mayor J. Kenneth Blackwell: "These are issues which are above debate."

Still being debated, however, was the question of responsibility. Promoter Levy denied that he or his organization had anything to do with determining the number of security officers used inside or outside the coliseum. By week's end, the coliseum management had not broken the official silence it had maintained since Monday night.

Music

with drugs, was not only using *Tommy* as a mirror for Baba's antidrug strictures but was also putting refractions of Baba's teachings into a rock context. *Tommy* ended by pulling the rug out from under false idols, directing the search for salvation inward, and out toward the audience. What Tommy sang to his disciples, freeing them, was also The Who's address to its audience, both thanks and a supplication: "Listening to you, I get the music/ Gazing at you, I get the heat/ Following you, I climb the mountain/ I get excitement at your feet."

All of this, which seems clear in retrospect, got muddled up in the psychedelic *Zeitgeist* of the waning '60s, and then confounded even further by the buoyantly bonkers ministrations of Director Ken Russell, whose wildly successful 1975 film version of *Tommy* was like Busby Berkeley on a bumper. By that time, The Who was working on extensions both of *Tommy*'s form and its themes. *Quadrophenia* (1973) was an even more ambitious, although less flashy, successor, a two-record chronicle of the desperate life and ironic resurrection of a poor London Mod kid in the early '60s. (It has just been released in a street-shrewd, roughhouse movie adaptation. The sound track, remixed by Entwistle, sounds even better than the recorded original.)

Another project, conceived after *Tommy* but so far unrealized, is a futuristic tale about the rediscovery of music in a society that is totally programmed and controlled. Called *Lifeshouse*, the piece was intended to be a kind of environmental theater event. Some of Townshend's best songs were written originally for *Lifeshouse*: *Baba O'Riley*, with its synthesizer line running like cold water down the spine, mixing with an old Irish fiddle reel and the memorable lyric refrain, "Don't cry/ Don't raise your eye/ It's only teen-age wasteland!"; the aching, almost elegant poignancy of *The Song Is Over* and *Pure and Easy*. All these songs concerned music and the compact of trust between audience and artist. As compositions they enhanced and extended the possibilities of rock. As Townshend wrote those songs, and The Who performed them, the truth of Townshend's contention became clear: "Rock has no limits." All that, and they can be danced to, too.

As individualistic as those Townshend compositions are, they remain a group statement. Townshend, who has no use for modesty, insists, "I can still use The Who more effectively to speak to people heart to heart than I ever could on a solo album." Daltrey observes, "Did you ever notice that nobody ever does Townshend's songs? The Who are the only peo-

ple who can play them. That's one reason we've survived. None of us is very good on his own. It's only as part of The Who that we're great."

The four parts remain in uneasy alliance. When Drummer Keith Moon was alive, he was like a self-contained chain reaction, "our little bit of nasty," as Daltrey calls him. Moon died of an overdose of Heminevirin, a drug he was taking to combat his alcoholism. Moon's passing forced a crisis within the group, the three surviving members re-examining their loyalty to rock, and to each other. Daltrey told Townshend: "Keith's life and death were a gift to the group. A sac-

reports. "We'd start playing one of their songs, and they'd be shocked I didn't know it. But why should I know Who songs? I had my own band." After a decade and a half spent playing and warring together, the three senior Who members may be like brothers, but with undercurrents of the Karamazovs and an overlay of the Dalton boys. It is not only a matter of maintaining a punishingly high musical standard; The Who has the weight of its own myth and the burden of its own history to support.

Daltrey got the band together. At 15, he left school in London, took a job as a sheet-metal worker that he held for five

years. He also made his own guitars and formed a group called the Detours. On the street one day, he spotted "this great big geezer with a homemade bass that looked like a football boot with a neck sticking out of it," and recruited Entwistle on the spot. Soon after that, Daltrey decked the Detour's lead singer and took over the vocals himself. Now the Detours needed a rhythm guitar player. Entwistle mentioned his school chum, Townshend, whom Daltrey recalls as "looking like a nose on a stick."

"The greatest bloody triumph of my schooldays was when Roger asked me if I could play guitar," Townshend recalls. "If he had ever said, 'Come out in the playground and I'll fight you,' I would have been down in one punch. Music was the only way I could ever win. But I've despised him ever since."

All were from a working-class background in London. Daltrey's father was a clerk. Entwistle's a mechanic. But both Townshend's parents were dance-band musicians. "My dad's a great player," Townshend says. "Not a cowboy, but a great player. My mom was a singer. She was a bit of a cowboy." The band found its own cowboy, or show boater, one night when a half-drunk rowdy took the stage, displaced the drummer and gave an uninvited audition that ended when he kicked over the drum kit. Keith Moon was a member of the band on the next date.



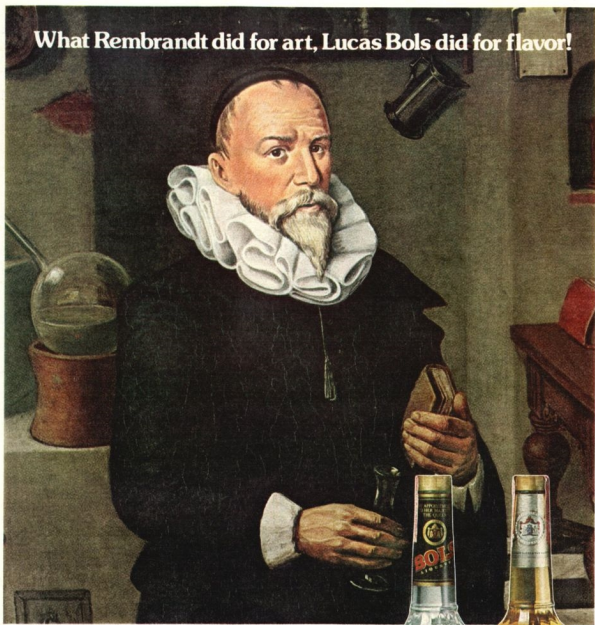
Ann-Margret tends a hot-wired Roger Daltrey in *Tommy*
A rock-opera parable of pop artifacts and false idols.

rice to allow us to continue." Townshend recalls thinking at the time, "How can I agree with something as 20th Century-Fox as that? But I felt it too. That besides being a sacrifice, Keith's death had given me a stronghold." The Who asked Kenny Jones to replace Moon, and set about trying to re-create the delicate imbalance of the group. Jones, as affable and easygoing as Moon was looney, plays with all his predecessor's fine fury, matching or surpassing him in musicianship, while wisely avoiding any attempt to duplicate Moon's madcap charades.

If, as Daltrey says, The Who is like a family, then Kenny Jones is still perhaps the orphaned cousin from overseas who has come to start a new life. "The others were a bit arrogant at the outset," Jones

A publicist named Peter Meaden assumed informal responsibility for managing them, molding them into front men for the flourishing Mod movement. Representing a sort of secret style, a surly, dubious attitude and a way of life in which the work week was a lingering funeral and the weekend a temporary resurrection, Mod was a kind of berserk street refraction of traditional English clubmanship. Having the right clothes and shoes was important. Riding the right motor scooter was important. Gobbling the right pills in the right quantities and listening to the right music were important. All this has been captured well

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Music



Townshend, Daltrey, Entwistle and Moon pose for a formal portrait in 1964

in *Quadrophenia*; there is a kind of masquerade Mod revival in England right now. Townshend, however, points out that the original Mod movement "was about fashion, but that doesn't mean it was superficial. Fashion, in a sense, is description of events after the fact. And the Mods had great taste in music."

Meaden wrote two Mod anthems, *Zoot Suit* and *I'm the Face*, for the group's first single, which was no particular success. Shortly after, the band switched managers, changed its name to The Who, and Townshend started writing his own tunes, widening the focus past Mod to take in all the audience. *I Can't Explain*, *My Generation*, *The Kids Are Alright* were as fresh and nifty as battle reports from the front lines where youth was locked in a tag-team match with the forces of the Establishment.

The Who came on strong in Britain, but in America was outpaced by the Beatles, who were beloved by all, and the Rolling Stones, who were even then playing devil's advocate in the Beatles' bright shadow. The Who made its first American appearance in 1965. Two years later, back again, the group was supporting Herman's Hermits on tour, giving those coy little gnomes nightly musical lumps and attracting a loyal band of American supporters.

That was the period when Townshend started to push. "I thought we had to do something grand, almost daft... and possibly pompous." That was *Tommy*, and The Who finally had what it was after: a general audience success to match its reputation among rock fans.

Some things, however, remained unchanged. The Who continued to battle among themselves, drawing sustenance from friction that often flared into spot fires, blazing quickly and suddenly like canyon conflagrations in Los Angeles. Everyone had quit the group at one time or another. In 1965, Daltrey left, vowing to form another group, and came back a week later. "I thought if I lost the band I was dead," he says now. "I realized The Who was the thing, the reason I was successful. I didn't fight any more... for a couple of years."

Townshend, however, was not trying as strenuously to keep to the path of non-violence, and after one disagreement in the recording studio, brained Daltrey with his guitar. Daltrey responded by punching Pete into the hospital.

"A quick punch is always better than stewing about for months," Daltrey says, but by 1967, Moon and Entwistle were both fed up, and took a walk together. "I was always breaking up fights," Entwistle remembers, "pulling Roger off somebody, usually Pete. Keith and I were fed up with all the punching, and with Townshend's being so big-headed, thinking he was a bleeding musical genius." Moon and Entwistle had eyes for a new group, and had even come up with a name and a rough design for an album cover. It was abandoned when Moon and Entwistle returned to The Who soon after the quarrel, but the idea was not entirely forgotten. The name of their projected group, along with similar artwork, appeared on an album by a new band called Led Zeppelin.

Daltrey played the first *Tommy* tour

with a nose that had been broken "playfully" by Pete; Moon continued his spiritual dedication to rock-'n'-roll excess, working almost as much havoc on his own body as on the rooms he inhabited during tours. A hotel manager once appeared in Moon's room when he was playing a cassette at top volume and insisted he turn down "the noise." In a flash, Moon reduced the room to splinters, announcing, "This is noise. That was The Who."

Moon, who could also be wonderfully benign and sweet-tempered, a sort of rock-'n'-roll Shakespearean fool, commanded perhaps the greatest affection from the audience. He was also dosing himself for disaster, and he began to undermine the group. During an American tour in 1975, he failed to show up for a sold-out concert in Boston and, Daltrey says, "Pete never forgave him." Townshend and Daltrey had wrangled bitterly over *Quadrophenia*, and during the first half of the '70s each member of the band had spent as much time on his own solo projects as he had on band activities. Each put out at least one solo album. By 1976 the band had effectively stopped touring, and there were rumors that it had collapsed.

Torn like a page of parchment, Townshend brooded about all of this, decided that he was finally going to say, "Right, that's it: The Who becomes a business." He expected the others to turn him down. Instead, sensing that he was in a state of crisis, they supported him. The strongest backing, to Townshend's considerable surprise, came from Daltrey. "He said to me, 'I don't care whether we tour or make records or don't make records. I just always want to be able to work with you, always be able to sing



"Our little bit of nasty": Keith Moon lets fly during a 1975 London concert
Rock's Shakespearean fool, dosing himself for disaster.

Music

your songs and, above everything else, I want you to be happy.' This was Roger Daltrey, right; the person I was seeing as a competitor. It was a revelation. Nobody has ever talked like that to me. Nobody. Not my mother, not my father, not my kids, not my wife. Nobody ever said things like that and meant them."

The Who came back together, started working on *Who Are You*. Moon returned from self-imposed exile in Los Angeles, tried to pull himself together. Some days he would play with his old brilliance. Other days he couldn't play at all. "We knew what was coming," Daltrey says, "but we were really shocked when it happened." Moon went out one night to a party, enjoyed himself in moderation, came back, swallowed an estimated 30 Heminevirins, and died. "The worst thing is that none of us were there when he died," says Entwistle. "We must have saved his life 30 times in the past, picking him up when he was unconscious and walking him around, getting him to a doctor."

"I don't think the group would be here if Keith hadn't died," Townshend says, and the others agree. "We certainly wouldn't be doing the kind of things we're doing now." He means not only making plans, which include for the next year a new Who album, Townshend and Entwistle solo efforts, two more mini-tours of the States, a handful of further film projects, including a Daltrey star role as an English con called *McVicar*, and the elusive *Lifeline*. He also means making the kind of music that sets the standard and makes The Who the band to beat.

This should not be taken as any certain indication that the collective group temperature has lowered away from the torrid zone. The Who has no formal leader. Entwistle insists it has no leader at all. But Daltrey says he and Townshend are the leaders, with Entwistle having a strong say. If the lines of authority remain unclear, perhaps deliberately, personal lives are kept away from business as much as possible.

Daltrey lives a safe two-hour drive from the others, in a 17th-century mansion surrounded by 300 acres of lush farm land in Sussex. He has an American wife, Heather, two daughters, Willow and Rosie, and a son by a previous marriage. He exercises to keep in trim, but had to give up working with weights because his broadening shoulders only exaggerated his stature or, at 5 ft. 7 in., his lack of it. There is nothing much he can do about his hearing.

Like Townshend's, it has been impaired by long exposure to maximum amplification. "When it's noisy," he says, "I have to lip-read."

Townshend lives with his wife Karen and their two daughters Aminta and Emma in a house in suburban London or, as mood and convenience dictate, in another, larger establishment in Oxfordshire. Townshend tried not having a studio at home so he could spend more time with the family, but he finally succumbed and installed some recording equipment. When he was laying down a rough vocal track, his daughter, not at all certain of her father's occupation, burst through the door wanting to call a doctor because Daddy sounded in pain.

Entwistle and his wife Alison have been married for twelve years, have one son, Christopher Alexander John, and



Down for a look-see, Pete Townshend takes five on the set of *Quadrophenia*. "The Who's an open book. It leads to a kind of unwitting honesty."

spend most of their time in a house on the edge of London. They also own an establishment in Gloucestershire consisting of eight houses spread over 52 acres. Entwistle's songs, which are like nighttime valentines, show up on Who albums often as a kind of bleakly bemused counterpoint to Townshend's. He is also a skilled caricaturist and is now drawing *A Cartoon History of The Who*. In this work, Entwistle made up imaginary ancestors for each of the band members based on some of their salient characteristics. There is, for example, a certain Wild Bill Daltrey, a tightwad gunslinger who drills his victims with platinum bullets, then digs them out of the victim for reuse. Townshend's forebear is a Norman soldier who landed at Hastings in 1066, fell out of the boat onto his shield and invented surfing, acquiring in the process a hugely swollen nose. Entwistle's own predecessor is a soured sea dog named Ahab, who goes about in a state of perpetual inebriation, spotting pink whales to port.

Kenny Jones has been christened

"The Hairdresser" by the rest of the group for his high standard of grooming. Indeed in this mob he looks like a hopeful young actor fallen among thieves. Jones has a house on the outskirts of London, which he shares with his wife Janet and their two sons Dylan and Jesse. Jones enjoys the pleasures of a squire, himself, including riding to hounds, which he persists in calling "riding to dogs."

Life on the road tends to be livelier than home on the range. "I'm never fully alive unless I'm on the road," Entwistle says. "Groupies are part of that. They build up my ego, make me feel that I'm a star." Alison Entwistle has a different attitude: "I hate being at home when he is on the road. I know groupies are part of it, and I hate them all." Heather Daltrey says she doesn't bother about such things.

But Townshend, who wrote an ironic song about tour life called *Romance on the Road*, not yet released, is in typical fashion drawn in both directions about it. He can see through the romance like a pool, even as he dives into it. "He's perfectly capable of getting off the plane in New York and staying drunk for the entire tour," says one of his friends. A talk with Townshend at the best of times is a hopscotch game in a minefield. This is part of what he means when he says, with some melodrama and a strong measure of truth, "Rock is going to kill me somehow. Mentally or physically or something, it's going to get me in the end. It gets everybody in the end."

Any rock fan can recite the litany of tragic burnouts; whether Pete succumbs remains a matter of strength and a certain kind of sure-footed brimmanship that until now has kept Townshend writing and The Who performing true lifeline rock 'n' roll. The members of The Who know what this music means, know its power and its necessary mutability. They also know what it means to the kids, not just a quick charge and an antic rush in a minute of concert footage but a change as potentially profound as any art can work, and even more immediate. All of this is in the four lines of *Music Must Change* that Townshend sings quietly, almost to himself:

*Is this song so different?
Am I doing it all again?
It may have been done before
But then music's an open door...*

Others tried to open that door, unlock it, or force it, or jimmy it, or slide under it in the night. The Who kicked it open. And The Who was on the other side.

— Jay Cocks

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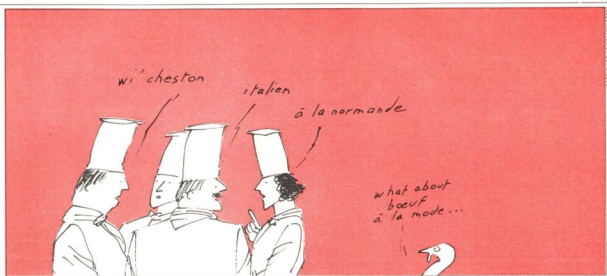


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Books

Feasts for Holiday and Every Day

New cookbooks bring goodies from afar

With the standard North American Christmas dinner about as predictable as a Norman Rockwell rendering, the time has come to borrow from other countries their versions of foods that seem traditionally American: the turkey, the yam, the potato, the pumpkin. For starters, how about pumpkin soup? Or bawd brece, the rich hare broth of Scotland? It might be followed by Colombia's *pato borracho* (drunken duckling) or Gaelic roast-tit bubblyjock wi' cheson crappin (roast turkey with chestnuts) and rumblede-thumps (creamed potatoes and cabbage). Dessert could be Mexican *torta del cielo*, or a rum-flavored nut tart from France, or Irish plum cake.

These festive alternatives, along with dishes ranging from peasantry to princely, are suggested by a new crop of cookbooks harvested from Celtic, English, Continental and Latin American kitchens. The five most knowledgeable and digestible:

It may be news to many Americans that the Scots do not live by haggis and porridge alone. As zestfully set forth in **A Feast of Scotland** by Janet Warren (*Little, Brown*; 176 pages; \$12.95), Caledonia has a rich and distinctive cuisine. Its glories flow from bountiful game, fresh- and salt-water fish, beef and lamb, though the Scots have always relied on grain. Their baps, bannocks, buns, oatcakes and scones are among the world's finest daily breadstuffs. Warren provides sound recipes for loaves and fishes, as well as for sturdy broses (porridge soups) and broths

like the celebrated cock-a-leekie and crab-based partan bree; and, most memorably, the breakfast dishes, like oatcakes and honey, so highly praised by Samuel Johnson.

Many Scottish staples date back to the Vikings, who are believed to have introduced Aberdeen Angus cattle as well as curing and salting techniques—whence such delicacies as kippers, smoked sal-



mon and mutton ham. However, there is a regal and Continental tang to the best of Scottish food, traceable to the nation's French connection, the "Auld Alliance" that began with the marriage of Scotland's King James V to Mary of Guise-Lorraine in 1538. Like a fogbound Catherine de

Médicis, she arrived at Holyrood with chefs, recipes, wines, liqueurs, desserts and other Gallic trappings then unknown to the Gaels.

Edinburgh court circles became so enamored of *haute cuisine* that a serious food shortage developed. The rage persisted under James' daughter and successor, Mary Queen of Scots. Marmalade is said to have been invented by the royal chef as a pick-me-up when Mary came down with a fever after a cold night tryst with her lover; the orangey concoction was named *Marie malade*. (A more prosaic version traces marmalade to *marmelo*, the Portuguese word for quince, the original ingredient.) Leg of mutton is still known by its French name, *gigot*, though it is pronounced "jiggott." A superb chicken dish that sounds quintessentially Gaelic, howtowdie, is derived from the Old French *hutaudeau*, meaning pullet.

Regardless of origin, Warren's choices range enticingly from crofters' fare through such noble dishes as casserolled venison Macduff, followed by a cheese pâté, and typsy laird, a Drambuie-soused trifle. To precede the feast, she reminds us of a felicitous grace attributed to Robbie Burns:

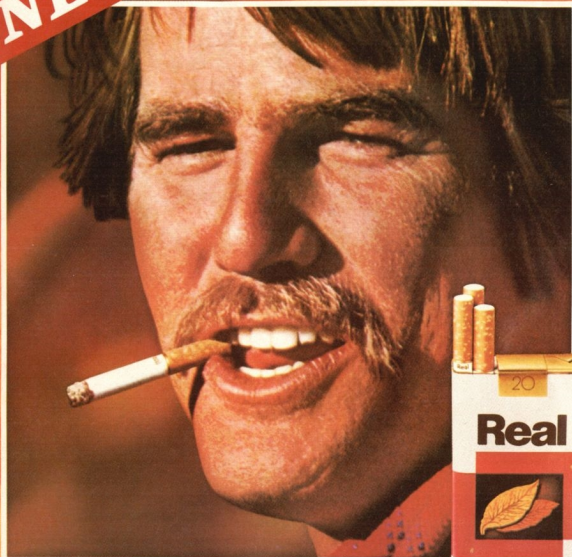
*Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.*

From south of Hadrian's Wall and across the Irish Sea come some of the best ingredients of **The Maurice Moore-Betty Cookbook** (Bobbs-Merrill; 367 pages; \$14.95). Moore-Betty was born in Ireland and owned a successful London restaurant before starting a celebrated cooking school in Manhattan. This is the most satisfactory of his several carefully prepared cookbooks, an eclectic compendium

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## Books

um of dishes both plain and fancy.

While he suggests braised pheasant as the Christmas entrée, Moore-Betty does offer a seductive turkey dish: *blanc de dindonneau Italien*, sliced breasts smothered in a mushroom and Marsala sauce. Dining on his *dindonneau*, he reports, many guests believe they are consuming high-priced veal; he pulls the same trick with chicken Marengo and chicken *tonnato*. While, as he points out, chicken is the safest dish to serve people whose tastes are unknown, his *goujonnette* and chicken pie are neither bland nor cheap. There are several excellent veal dishes, some of which use the breast, the least expensive cut. Naturally, the book has a succulent steak and kidney pie.

Some recipes cherished by Moore-Betty reflect the thrift and imagination needed for gustatory survival in wartime Britain. Included in a top-hole chapter on cocktail food are such delights as Scotch eggs (hard-boiled eggs encased in sausage meat, breaded, fried and served cold) accompanied by a pint of bitter, a piece of



Cheddar and a pickled onion. The only trouble with Moore-Betty's hot cheese *profiteroles*, vegetable *beignets* and beef *teriyaki* is that they make cocktail guests forget all about dinner.

An expansive, erudite fellow who served as a nonculinary aide to Monty during World War II, Moore-Betty is at his discursive best when describing the rich food of his Irish childhood. His version of plum pudding has been in the family for four generations. He reports that his most popular dessert is floating island, a gooey extravaganza of the Scots and the French as well as the Irish. Another sweet, little known in the U.S. outside the South, is syllabub, a seductive mixture of cream, brandy, white wine and sherry, which in olden times was made by squirting milk directly from cow into cognac. As for people who feel guilty when they succumb to desserts, the author says firmly: "Better to indulge yourself now and again than to spoil your otherwise good nature."

Marcel Proust gave the best of all reasons for scooping up a dessert. In *Remembrance of Things Past*, he recalls the "light and fleeting" chocolate cream created by Françoise, the family cook: "To have left even the tiniest morsel in the dish would have shown as much discourtesy as to rise and leave a concert ... under the composer's very eyes."

Though he will be forever associated with the *petites madeleines* that inspired





*Remembrance*, Proust was a sensuous, accurate, compulsive recollector of good food. In the delectably illustrated *Dining with Marcel Proust* (Thames & Hudson; 160 pages; \$19.95), Scholar-Cook Shirley King retraces the references and accompanies them with a recipe collection that embraces the cuisine of the *Belle Époque*. There is a recipe for the braised turkey à la Normande that was carved "with sacerdotal majesty" at the Rivebelle restaurant. At the meal Mme. Swann called "le lunch," there would be creamed eggs en cocotte—and *Dining* shows the way to prepare them. In *Jean Santeuil*, Proust wrote of the lobster set before Mlle. de Réveillon, reason enough to provide the formula for *homard à l'Américaine*. Albertine pleads for skate with black butter; King delivers it. Marcel wrote affectionately of éclairs, *marrons glacés*, strawberry juice, orangeade, chocolate cake, oysters, *petite marmite*, roast goose ("superbly limbed and shining with gravy"), hare à l'Allemande and venison that was "dark, brown-fleshed, hot and soured [with red wine and cognac], over which the red-currant jelly has laid a cool, sweet surface." These and many, many other delights are recollected in tranquility. Side by side with Marcel, *Dining* delivers the soul as well as the how-to of the bourgeois Brillat-Savarin.

Contemporary French cuisine is dominated by those superstar chefs who spend as much time writing glossy books and jetting around the world as they do tending their stoves. Because they lack the fame and, probably, the inclination, France's women chefs stick close to their restaurants, which may explain why they run many of the best bistros in that country. Also, as Madeleine Peter points out in *The Great Women Chefs of France* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 333 pages; \$14.95), these talented *femmes* have generally been excluded from the cooking schools and restaurant *brigades* where the men learn their art. Their training has thus been on the job and their skills are less compartmentalized than those of the men. They may also be more competitive.

Madeleine Peter interviewed 28 women owner-chefs, all of whom parted with



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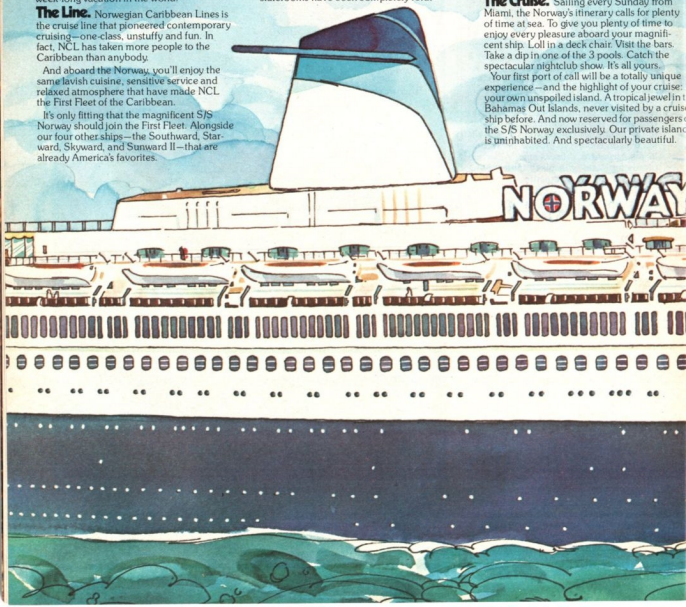
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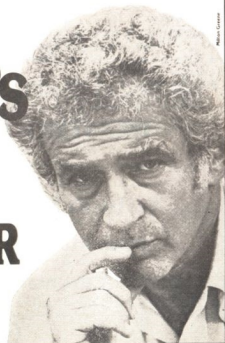
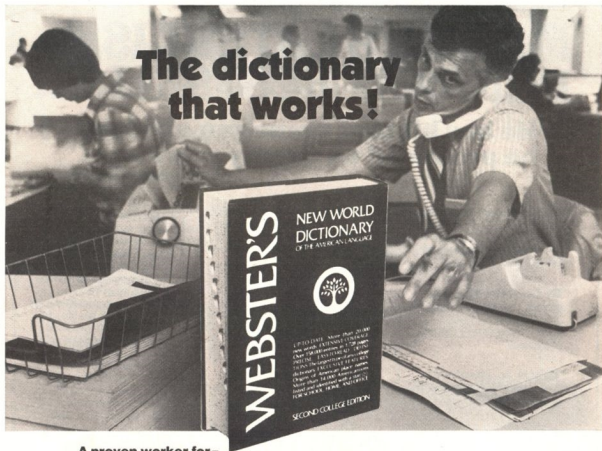


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## Books



special recipes. Marthe Faure, who owns the 72-year-old Auberge Saint-Quentin just outside Paris, contributed veal kidneys *du prince*, which is one of the few French dishes to employ bourbon whiskey; it also won her the coveted Grand Prix of the Poêle d'Or in 1968. Though Peter says grandly in her preface that "we are liberated from the potato, which modern industrialization has made tasteless," her chefs offer five tasty dishes made with the proscribed *pomme*. An intriguing zucchini soufflé *mistral* comes from Colette Maudonnet, whose restaurant, Aux Naulets d'Anjou, is 160 miles southwest of Paris. Dominique Nahmias, who at 26 claims to be the youngest woman chef running a restaurant in France, the Olympe in Paris, prides herself on her salmon steaks cooked on a bed of sorrel *en papillotes*. And then there is Yvonne Soliva, of the Moulin de Tante Yvonne in Bouches-du-Rhône, one of whose favorite dishes is ragout of thrush (18 birds for six people). First catch the thrush.

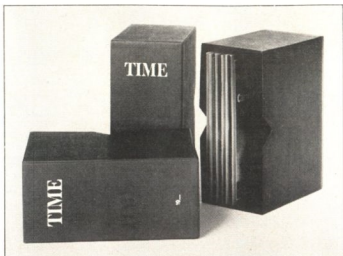
Before compiling **The Book of Latin American Cooking** (Knopf, 357 pages; \$15), Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz spent 20 years savoring all the latino cuisines from Mexico to Chile. They differ widely from country to country—Maya, Aztec and Inca civilizations were permeated



by Spanish, Portuguese, African and even Middle Eastern influences. A prolific cookbook writer who is married to a Mexican diplomat, Ortiz traces culinary origins and remarks on the social significance of almost every dish she describes.

Though many of the materials may seem formidable to the gringo, most of the foods favored south of the border are not too difficult to prepare. Some belong in any gourmet chef's repertoire: Ecuador's beef stew in fruit sauce, for example, or the curiously named steak ragout, *roupa velha* (literally, old clothes), a popular dish from Cuba to Brazil. Among the Andean countries, Peru offers the most exciting cuisine. The Peruvians developed more than 100 varieties of potato around 2500 B.C. and learned to freeze-dry them. Thanks to the cold Humboldt Current, Chile has the world's most unusual seafood: *erizos*.

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Claudinei's parents lack the skills for decent employment. (Brazil)



Ninik's diet consists mainly of cassava and rice. (Indonesia)



Alexandre lives in a crowded area where many people suffer from worms. (India)



Jose lives in a community rampant with malnutrition and tuberculosis. (Guatemala)



Jacintha's parents are anxious to send her to school. But it is too expensive. (India)



Sonia lives in a hut of mud and stone. It has a leaf roof and a dirt floor. (Mexico)



Matano's mother tries to cultivate their small tract of land for food. (Kenya)



Julia is undernourished and desperately in need of medical care. (Guatemala)



Carlos takes care of his little sisters while his mother works as a maid. (Argentina)



Waldeir lives with his mother and two sisters in a wooden shack. (Brazil)



Marcilene's mother has a bad heart. She is too weak to support her daughter. (Brazil)



Felipe's mother is illiterate. But she is anxious to send him to school. (Guatemala)

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*The Washington Post*

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*Wall Street Journal*

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*New York Times*

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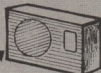
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## Books

giant sea urchins; *pitorocos*, beaked shell-  
fish that taste like crab; and the giant  
abalones known as *locos*.

Few of Ortiz's recipes require spe-  
cial ingredients that cannot be found in  
the abundant latino markets of North  
America. It may take some getting used  
to, but for Christmas 1980, why not serve  
Mexico's famed *mole poblano de gua-  
jalote*, turkey in chili and chocolate sauce?  
It was good enough for Montezuma to  
offer Cortés.

— *Michael Demarest*

## Fatal Encounters

SERPENTINE

by Thomas Thompson

Doubleday; 563 pages; \$12.95

Jack the Ripper, John Dillinger, Willie  
Sutton, the Boston Strangler, Charles  
Gurmukh Sobhraj, Charles who? Does  
this unknown belong on the list of world-  
class criminals? After this pounding story  
of larceny and murder from Hong Kong  
to Paris, the answer must be yes, and So-  
bhraj, now in an Indian prison, can serve  
his ludicrously lenient seven-year sen-  
tence with his considerable ego gratified.  
*Serpentine*. Thomas Thompson's corpse-  
by-corpse account of Sobhraj's career,  
took just a month from publication in  
October to make the bestseller list and  
a \$1 million movie deal.

Thompson will net far more than  
the bandit ever grossed, for bad luck usu-  
ally offset Sobhraj's zeal and cunning. A  
single exploit in 1971 could make a  
screenplay. Intending to rob a New Del-  
hi jewelry shop, Sobhraj conned the oc-  
cupant of a hotel room just above and  
for two nights tried to break through  
with drills. When the excavation failed,  
the thief got his unwilling hostess—an  
exotic dancer named Markowitz from  
Brooklyn—to lure the jewel merchant to  
her room with a sampling of his wares.  
The gunman pounced. For once he had  
a big score, jewels worth hundreds of thou-  
sands. But his departure was delayed at  
New Delhi's busy airport; police closed  
in and Sobhraj lost his loot while  
escaping.

Misfortune was his companion from  
conception, which occurred in Saigon dur-  
ing World War II. Papa was an Indian  
tailor who neglected to wed Mama, a  
Vietnamese peasant trying to make her  
way up the social ladder. She achieved  
a limited success by marrying a French  
army officer. For the young Sobhraj,  
this meant rattling around the world  
—France, Saigon, France again, Africa,  
an Indian village, back to France. Along  
the way he honed his aptitudes for  
language and larceny.

After some small-time malfeasance  
in France, Sobhraj moved east again and  
established a canny *modus operandi*. He  
would present himself to tourists as a suc-

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Sperti does...  
except tan you  
at night,  
tan you indoors  
and turn  
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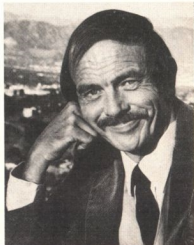
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Photography: Robert Gaudrey

cessful and charming Eurasian businessman. He then slipped his pigeons knock-out drops and plucked them of anything that could bring a rupee, a baht, or a Turkish lira.

Occasionally he was caught, but incarceration rarely lasted long. In Kabul he got himself transferred to a prison hospital. Steel handcuffs attached him to the bed and a guard sat near by. Tough situation? Not for Sobhraj. He laced the warder's tea with chloroform and escaped using his set of skeleton keys.

About five years ago, Sobhraj drastically changed his routine. Rather than put his victims to sleep, the glib psychopath began to kill some of them by applying gasoline and a match while



**Tommy Thompson**

*Coils of intrigue, twists of coincidence.*

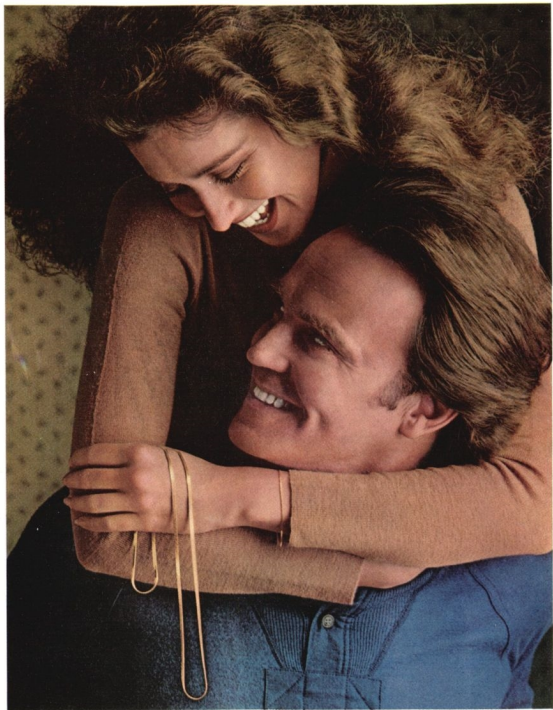
they were groggy or comatose. Interpol and national police records show a dozen such murders in Sobhraj's wake, and there were probably more.

One of the oddities in Author Thompson's reconstruction is the lack of a clear explanation of what turned Sobhraj homicidal. Another quirk is the author's insistence upon puffing his rich material into an epic. Early histories of supporting characters, locales far from the action and other miscellany are conveyed in an excess of disorienting detail. Thompson, a writer for LIFE who found additional success between hard covers (*Hearts, Blood and Money*), seems to have let his reportorial energy overcome his sense of discriminating narrative.

Still, *Serpentine* should hold readers' attention in coils of intrigue, twists of coincidence, the burlesque failures of police in seven countries, the grit of a few civilians outraged enough to play vigilante and the final caper that trips the outlaw. If the book has a message it is that travelers should avoid more than the water in places like Delhi, Bangkok, Kabul and Katmandu.

— **Laurence L. Barrett**





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—OVID, 13 B.C.

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# Press

## The Truth About Iowa

*A down-to-earth daily covers the Hawkeye State like corn*

First they study the paper for signs and portents. Later they make a pilgrimage to the Des Moines Register and Tribune Building. Candidates seek the paper's blessing and pray for its endorsement. Out-of-town journalists beg background and clues. The Iowa presidential caucuses are just six weeks away, and for the moment the Des Moines Register is just about the most closely read and eagerly courted newspaper in the land.

The Register has everyone's attention because it is Iowa's only statewide paper (27% of all Iowa families subscribe, 40% on Sunday), with the power to define issues and influence election results. It is also sophisticated, readable and not at all bashful about its leadership role. Says David Oman, press secretary to Iowa Governor Robert Ray: "They feel they have a mission to set the agenda for Iowa and to prod the state on important issues."

Lately the Register has been making some national headlines of its own by sponsoring a debate between leading Democrats on Jan. 7 (G.O.P. contenders meet two days earlier). The Register initially invited President Carter and Senator Edward Kennedy but not Jerry Brown; the editors felt the California Governor was not mounting a serious challenge in Iowa. Protested Brown:

"I'm troubled... that in a free society I have to convince an editor that I'm a bona fide candidate." Nevertheless, Brown tried to do just that: he made several trips to the state, set up a campaign committee, met with the newspaper's editorial board and generally paid the Hawkeye State the kind of homage that the Register felt was fitting and proper. Last week the editors finally extended him an invitation.

The Register (circ. 209,000 daily; 392,500 Sunday) started getting its own way back in 1903 when Gardner Cowles Sr. bought the paper and began distributing it throughout the state. Its sister paper the Tribune (circ. 83,000) is distributed primarily in Des Moines and nearby counties. The Register has six news bureaus around Iowa, an elaborate stringer network and a large, aggressive contin-

gent at the statehouse in Des Moines. Four reporters, two editorial writers, a columnist and an editor are assigned to Washington. They concentrate on topics that have special significance back in Iowa, most notably farm issues. Bureau Chief James Risser won Pulitzer Prizes in 1976 (writing about grain-export corruption) and in 1979 (for stories about soil conservation). The Iowa staff has exposed substandard conditions in old-age homes, written extensively about railroad safety problems and tangled with insurance companies. Politics gets blanket coverage year round. "We're loaded with political junkies," says Editor and President Mi-

sible to go north. This kind of creative license adds to the *esprit de corps* in the newsroom. Says Managing Editor David Witke: "For many of the people on the staff, the Register is the place they most wanted to work when they were young. This is the place they hoped to end up at."

Ambitious journalism requires a thoughtful audience, and Iowa's population is well educated (it has one of the highest literacy rates, 99.5%, in the U.S.), affluent and increasingly cultivated. Chief Political Reporter James Flansburg, who patiently shares his expertise with hordes of out-of-state journalists, says he writes for "the boys around the stove in my father's hardware store in Tiffin, Iowa. You have to speak plainly or get your ass chewed." The boys, he quickly adds, are sophisticated businessmen who run farms worth millions of dollars. Says Gartner: "The Register reader cares more about news and current events than people in other places."

Politically, Iowa is a fairly progressive state, closer in outlook to liberal Minnesota and Wisconsin than conservative Kansas or Indiana. Even so, the Register is a couple of steps to the left of Iowa opinion. Says Editorial Page Editor Gil Cranberg: "If I hated the paper as much as some of our letter writers do, I don't know why I would buy it." The paper favors abortion on demand, gun control and SALT II. It strongly supports Governor Ray, a moderate Republican, and pushed hard last year for the re-election of Senator Dick Clark, a liberal Democrat. The day after Clark was

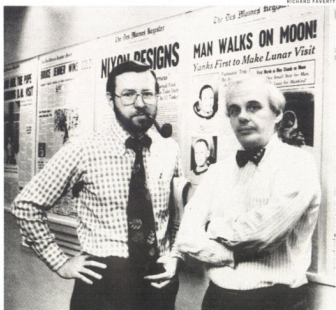
defeated, the Register published an editorial entitled "The Best Man Lost." Says Publisher David Kruidenier, grandson of Gardner Cowles Sr.: "I now regret it. We sounded like poor losers and were second-guessing the people."

The Register's circulation has declined some in recent years, mostly because fewer families find they can afford it along with their local evening paper. It is also being pinched hard by inflation and high energy costs. "The newspaper was built on the idea of cheap gas, cheap newsprint and cheap reporters," says Gartner. "It's a new game now." Fortunately, though, the paper can count on some old and deep loyalties. Explains Reporter David Yepsen: "The Register is part of the Iowa experience, like tall corn and snow days home from school."

## The Des Moines Register

chael G. Gartner. "We cover the hell out of the state. We smother it."

The Register contains a lot of the bright, breezy writing of the sort found in the *Wall Street Journal*, which is not surprising since both Gartner and Executive Editor James Gannon are *Journal* alumni. Reporters are encouraged to write imaginatively about offbeat and humorous subjects. After two weeks in Cedar Rapids, for example, the new Register bureau chief filed a delightful yarn about how the city's street plan made it impos-



Editors James Gannon and Michael G. Gartner at the newspaper's offices  
"You have to speak plainly or get your ass chewed."

## Metaphorosis

*Hodding's way with words*

**T**hrough five weeks of press briefings on the Iranian crisis, State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III has shown himself a master of the diplomatic metaphor, using colorful figures of speech with a surgeon's precision. Last week the English language began to show signs of strain under Carter's constant hard use. When asked about what the U.S. would do next with the deposed Shah, the spokesman replied at different times:

► "What we are not going to do is play this game with all the cards face up on the deck." (He did not say whether the cards might be face up on the table.)

► "We are not going to put a man in a rowboat and send him out beyond the continental shelf if he has no place to go." (He did not say whether the Shah would be put in a rowboat if he did have a place to go.)

Later, at Princeton University, Carter was asked about Senator Edward Kennedy's criticism of the Shah. Said he: "I'm not going to tell a master politician how to suck eggs."

## Poster Boy

*Newshound as sex symbol*

**B**o Derek, the Perfect 10, make way for Bob Greene, the Imperfect 2½. Greene, 32, a Chicago *Tribune* columnist, has joined the ranks of four-color sex symbols with his own 16-in. by 22-in. poster. The work depicts him posing in a motel room door, his shirt slashed to the navel. Greene's pinup career began when he set out to do a column on the superstar poster business and called Marketcom/Crosswinds Corp., a Fenton, Mo., firm specializing in posters of big-name athletes. "One thing led to another, and we decided he could be a sex symbol," says Ron Michel, the company's communications director. Greene says he went along because "the idea made me laugh."

What is the secret of Greene's 2-D lure? Says Crosswinds President Bob Hennkens: "The

only difference between Bob and Warren Beatty is 30 or 40 pounds. And Bob's chest is hairier." Greene's column is syndicated in 126 cities, and the 10,000 posters printed so far will be available in all. Says Hennkens: "We think there is a big future in posters featuring newsmen and -women."



Greene as pinup

*Newswatch/Thomas Griffith*

## The "Self-Restraint" Brownout

**E**gypt's Anwar Sadat thinks the Ayatullah is a lunatic, but, as Richard Nixon told a TV interviewer two weeks ago, "if he's crazy, he's crazy like a fox in one respect. He knows how to manipulate the media. He in effect has convicted the Shah in the minds of great numbers of Americans, as well as people throughout the world."

Nixon can never resist a chance to get in a lick at the press. About the Shah's fallen reputation, Nixon is dead right, but not simply because Khomeini manipulated the press: the Ayatullah has been able to take noisy advantage of a bizarre news brownout, a month of "self-restraint" unparalleled in American life. Johnny Carson confesses on TV that he is having a harder time with his opening monologues; Art Buchwald, who gets most of his humor columns out of topical events, hasn't done a single column about Iran. Even presidential candidates have been biting their tongues about Iran, except for Connally's early macho outburst and Teddy Kennedy's intemperate denunciation of the Shah. In this distorted situation, nightly television news has done the poorest job of balancing its coverage.

With their appetite for visual excitement, newscasts often open with the latest rant from the cross-legged Ayatullah, then move to shots of Death-to-the-Shah street crowds, who by now economically wave their fists most fervently when they see the camera's red light upon them. Next the "students" appear, enjoying the dream of every terrorist and airplane hijacker: to have television cameramen vying to record their loudest threats and wildest allegations. This has usually been balanced, if at all, by a brief low-key response from the State Department spokesman, and by the infrequent appearance of an unimpressive publicity man for the Shah. Anchormen and their producers are generally scrupulous about presenting "the other side" of any story, but they do not consider it their business to generate one. That, to them, would be news manipulation. On any lively issue they expect counterarguments to surface normally in the news, and just this has been missing in the news programs from which most Americans get their information, under the brownout of self-restraint.

The Shah has been the real loser. While hostages are in jeopardy, the only minidebate that has been allowed to erupt publicly is over who-let-the-Shah-in. When Carter's foreign policy again becomes fair game for partisan attack, it is doubtful that the strengths of the Shah's regime can ever be asserted as full-throatedly as before. Those televised sweeping panoramas of massed Iranians seem to dispute whatever public support the Shah once had. The Shah's secret police may not have tortured so widely or viciously as the Ayatullah's propagandists claim, but at least some torture seems to be conceded. How many millions of dollars the Shah and his family got away with—those "umpteenth billions," in Kennedy's phrase—amounts to a quarrel about numbers.

Khomeini did not create U.S. television's imbalance between self-restraint and rant, but he has profited from it. Once he seemed bent on expelling all foreign correspondents, but now more than 200 of them are "persona grata" in a land where American diplomats are not. Journalists walk the streets of Tehran encountering little hostility, despite Iran radio's constant and strident anti-American propaganda. In their on-the-air questioning of the student militants, however, they too seem inhibited by the fear of jeopardizing the hostages. When Khomeini gives televised interviews, he chooses which submitted questions he will deign to answer and allows no follow-ups. His advisers are smart enough about American public opinion to recognize that a star like CBS's Mike Wallace deserves three times as much interview time as the two other networks, and to conclude that public television rates fourth.

With such advantages, the Imam who rejects modernity needs no flying carpet to speed his message round the world. Television's latest technology, and the unaccustomed restraint of the press, does it for him.



Khomeini with U.S. wrapped around little finger



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